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THE POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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FEMININE ATHLETES—THE LADIES OF A TRAVELING CIRCUS GIVE AN EXHIBITION OF THEIR AGILITY BY INDULGING IN A GAME OF LEAP-FROG, AND PERFORM SOME FEATS WHICH ASTONISH THE NATIVES—"IF WE CAN'T VOTE, WE CAN TURN SUMMERSAULTS."—SEE PAGE 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848
RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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NOTICE.

Correspondents desiring any information in regard to sporting matters, or on any subject pertaining to sport in their vicinity will please address all their communications to W. E. Harding, Sporting Editor, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William Street, New York. Mr. Harding's large experience amply qualifies him to deal with this department, and his thorough knowledge of everything in the sporting line enables him to give intelligent information on every point which may arise. We intend to make this department of the GAZETTE a feature in its columns, and our readers can assist by giving an account of every noteworthy event which occurs in their community. Be careful that all letters are addressed as above.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

F. G. Troy, N. Y.—No. Couldn't think of it.
CHIEF OF POLICE, Boston, Mass.—Thanks for photo.

W. H. Astoria, Oregon.—You should have sent a more complete account of the affair.

"AUNT," Denver, Col.—Would like to oblige, but hardly of sufficient importance.

X. Y. Z., Cairo, Ill.—Published an account in the GAZETTE at the time. Look in No. 138.

J. A. R., Hartford, Conn.—Thanks for kind offer. Have already published the photos, therefore would be of no use.

R. T., Rochester, N. Y.—John Morrissey was born in Tipperary, Ireland, died in New York, and was buried at Troy.

H. L. D. E., Boston, Mass.—Thanks for sketch. Had something like it in previous issue. Therefore, not available.

H. C. W., Atlanta, Ga.—We cannot violate the confidence placed in us by our correspondents. You will have to obtain your information in some other quarter.

"DUP," Genesee, Wis.—The account you send us with photos is not positive enough. If further developments are made, notify us, and we will publish pictures.

C. H. T., Gallatin, Tenn.—Cannot use your subject this week; may do so next, providing of course more important matter does not prevent. Thanks for kindness.

J. H. S., Hot Springs, Ark.—Could not use your sketch. Too many of the same sort on hand already. Send us any other news you think will be generally interesting.

Bam, Rochester, N. Y.—We have a good correspondent in your city at present. Do not care to make any arrangements with you. He is vigilant and wide awake, and that suits us.

R. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Have no record. 3. The parties mentioned are unknown at this office. Write to Steubenville, O., and you will probably obtain the desired information.

C. A. S., Starkville, Miss.—Your communication arrived too late to find a place in this number. Will be pleased to hear from you again should anything of interest occur in your neighborhood.

L. M., Erie, Pa.—You need not expect any further visits from our pugilistic citizens. By reference to the column you will see that they have arranged their differences in the good old orthodox way.

MYRON B., Bloomfield, Ill.—Send on the photos, and we will publish them. The fare is \$7.68. Would advise you to keep away. You will find the road to fortune in that locality a very rocky one, as thousands who have traveled it can testify.

A. J. C., Palo, Ill.—Item very good, but you should arrange it for publication. Life is too short to attempt to put everything in shape that our correspondents send. You should practice composition. It will be a great benefit to you in many ways.

P. S. T., Springfield, Ill.—The quotation referred to will be found in Burn's poem, entitled "Holy Willie's Prayer." You are wrong, and your friend right. You must decide that matter between yourselves as we are not well enough acquainted with the circumstances to judge.

G. P. B., Baldwin, Pa.—The next time you see fit to furnish us with any news, for heaven's sake let it be news, not rot. You are like a thousand others who deluge us with a mass of senseless twaddle about which no one cares a son, and which, if printed, would shame the sender. Stick to the plow, and let the pen alone. You will cut a much better figure mauling the soil than the English language.

AGAIN TRIUMPHANT.

"There is nothing that succeeds like success" is a paradox that finds exemplification in every issue of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, of New York. (Mind, it is printed and published in New York, the center of human activity). A few weeks ago we announced to our readers that we should present them with an accurate illustration of the much-talked-of Goss-Ryan prize fight. We meant what we said, and made extensive preparations to redeem our promise. "Circumstances over which we had no control" prevented us from so doing, the warriors concerned failing to come up to the mark on the call of time. Either the bruising pair had no stomach for the fray when the period of its enactment came, or were anxious not to go back on the precedents of the ring in the matter of jockeying, fooling about, etc. But they announced after their first fizzle that they would fight, were actually wasting away for the want of it, and no amount of Canadian threats, powder or militia would prevent them. We have not the most unbounded faith in the veracity of these gentry as a class, much as it grieves us to confess it. But we determined to keep our weather eye open for developments. The GAZETTE's million—more or less—readers were anxious to see a good pictorial representation of the affair, should it occur, and that was a sufficient motive for us to be on the *qui vive*. If there is one thing above another in this vale of tears that will inspire the management of the GAZETTE to action, it is the gratification of its readers. They expect a good paper, and we are determined under all circumstances and at all times that they will not be disappointed. Accordingly, a close watch was kept on the gallant Spartans, and when their courage had been once more screwed up to the fighting point, we "had the tip." The same train which bore them to the field of gore and swelled heads took along one of our special artists, Mr. Arthur T. Lumley, and the Sporting Editor, Mr. W. E. Harding.

After indulging in the usual preliminary skirmishing and filibustering a place was at last selected, and Mr. Joe Goss, of England, and Mr. Pat Ryan, of Troy, America, stepped into the ring and proceeded to do bloody execution upon each other's persons. While engaged in this sanguinary pastime our representatives quietly took notes, each in his peculiar way. Their labor is reflected in this paper, and, knowing their fitness and ability for their different lines of duty, we can honestly say that they have done their duty thoroughly and well. The illustration of the fight is authentic, as well as the account, and our readers are to be congratulated. It must be evident by this time to the most obtuse and unappreciative mind that our assertion that THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York (don't forget New York) is the most enterprising pictorial weekly in the world, is not an empty boast, but a glorious reality. And we intend to keep it so. We realize that this is an age of progress, of enterprise, of go-ahead-attitudes, and we shall endeavor always to reflect these elements of Nineteenth Century life in our columns.

THE DIVORCE WAVE.

It is a curious phase in human affairs that, although the subject of divorce is one that attracts general notice, the attraction is more invariably a concentrated individual one than otherwise. The law courts are constantly crowded to repletion with suits brought by unhappy couples, with griefs real and many times imaginary. Decrees are entered here, and quashed there, but still the tide of "human misery" flows on and finds safe and satisfactory harbor in the laws tribunal.

Not a daily newspaper can be glanced at but you see the advertised notices of actions—husband against wife and vice versa—brought, too, on all manner of charges. No doubt there are many, too many, cases, where the action is justified by the true facts in the case, but a majority, and a large majority at that, should never be entertained for a moment.

The question is asked, "What is the cause?" The cause is twofold.

In the first (and the most important) case, the true seat of the disease, for such it has surely grown to be, is in the training the young lady of the period receives. She is taught from infancy that the only true state of earthly happiness is to be found in marriage, and blossoms into womanhood before she has tasted the sweets of innocent childhood. Early marriages are, of course, a source of much connubial infelicity, but they are sanctioned in as great a degree as they are condemned.

Then, too, women are ambitious, and ambitious motives and mercenary ones are hand and glove with each other. A mother teaches her daughter that money is the source of all evil, but to be truly happy requires more or less of the "sin that dazzles." Thus, the child is led to think that love without wealth is misery and love with it nothing more. The nobler instincts are fostered over with prejudice ere yet their bloom is shed, and the child becomes prematurely womanly.

In this state she is "forced"—often less against

her own will than we are led to believe—into that deep unfathomable "sea of bliss," and comes to anchor after a year or more of tempestuous sailing firmly imbued with the idea that she loved some one else more than the man called husband. And she is never backward about informing her illegitimate lord of the fact. Jealousy, in such a case is as natural as life; and just in the same ratio that one can "think" misery faster than it can be experienced, just in that speed goes the youth-blighted couple to Solomon Bluebungle the attorney, to have the whole business set aside.

The other side of the affair is the great number of pettifogging Solomon Bluebungles that infest the country, ready at a moment's notice and for a paltry sum to drag the family secrets from the closet and prove a case of possibilities on the most absurd improbabilities. Armed with an affidavit or two from "sympathizing friends" who have witnessed the cruelties, barbarities and what-nots, and backed on the one side by the plaintiff as strongly as the defendant makes denial, this modern burlesque on the name of lawyer argues before the court like a full-fledged descendant of Roscius.

And in case he loses his suit and the husband congratulates himself with the idea that all may yet be well, the never-tardy Bluebungle hies him to a western state, and, presto, change! with a reconciliation comes the red-tape bound papers, which are thrust between them by the joyous Solomon just in time to deliver both husband and wife up to a mutual and life-long despair.

Surely, woman's is a higher mission than woe enkindling, and man's nobler than martyrdom through the agency of ambitious and mercenary mothers and unprincipled lawyers.

We wonder if "Vic" Woodhull was right, after all!

A Game of Leap-Frog.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Women have demonstrated pretty conclusively within the past few years their ability to indulge in athletic sports as well as men. In the pedestrian arena they have won laurels and champion belts, and let us hope, a few greenbacks. They have proven, a few at least—and they may be taken as a criterion for the whole—that they can "put up their mauls," and batter each other very scientifically and effectively. In truth, the ability of the sex in the matter of combativeness has never been questioned. They have been since the creation on a par with the sterner sex in this regard, and many husbands go so far as to claim that they are by a long odds superior. Hardly any branch of sport has not, at some time or other been indulged in by the dear ones. But one remained, that of "leap-frog," and now they have taken up with that, and as usual demonstrated their agility as leopards to be first-class. The occasion was that of a circus now travelling through the West. The performance in the ring was over, and the performers in the exuberance of their feelings, superinduced by good receipts and a "drop av the cratur," began to try their suppleness by jumping, turning somersaults and other exercises. The female acrobats took a hand; and with that instinctive desire for variety, characteristic of the sex, began leaping over the shoulders of their brother performers. The latter were disposed to oblige, and as lively a game of leap-frog ensued as was ever seen on the green in front of a country school-house. The fair leopards vaulted the masculine-shoulders with grace and ease, and put their companions in the sport far behind in these qualities. Having carried off the honors in the game, the question naturally arises what field is now left in which the males can excel? We have it! Prize fighting; and if any doubts are felt, the reader will please read the account of the Goss-Ryan mill in another column, and be convinced. The females couldn't, if they tried, make such brutes of themselves, thanks to the wise dispensation which denied them the disposition and strength.

ILLICIT LOVE.

A Preble County Boy That Loves Fidelity, and Gets Out of the Snap by Aid of a Fast Horse and Dilatory Movements of His Old Dad.

EATON, Ohio, May 28.—The citizens of Jackson Township, in this county, are all torn up with excitement over a scandal in high life, as they term it, that has developed itself in two of the prominent families of that locality. The facts, as related by the knowing ones, are as follows: Mr. Wert Deem, aged about nineteen years, son of William Deem, a wealthy and highly reputable farmer, has for some time been paying attention to Miss Kate Izar, daughter of Mr. Izar, a wealthy and respectable neighbor. Every thing has moved along smoothly, and their sweet little billing and cooing affairs have been unrestrained by parental authority; and the shadow that is hovering over their indiscretions indicates that the young plow-boy has loved fondly, but not wisely, as the fair young milk-maid, it is claimed, is in an interesting condition, and will in due time become a mother.

These facts becoming known to the young lady's parents, a marriage was the first thing thought of, and the matter was pressed upon the young man; but he failed to respond. The next thing was to cause him to be arrested, which was done, and he was taken before Judge Murray, and a hearing resulted in his being bound over to Court in the sum of \$600. The young man requested the constable to accompany him to his father's residence, and the bond would be signed. The officer consented, and they soon arrived and stood before the old man, who

took the paper and began to peruse it carefully, and dip his pen in the ink, and then look at the paper, add kept repeating and going through the same motions for about fifteen minutes, the officer all the time thinking he was just going to sign it.

At the commencement of the little matinee at the house the young man had an excuse to step out to the front yard, the officer not suspecting that any thing was crooked. The young man, as soon as he arrived in the yard, observed a horse all rigged out for riding. He immediately bounced on, and started West to grow up with the country. The officer happened to look out the door, and saw the young man flying down the road on his charger. He said to the old man: "Hurry up; sign the paper." The old man smiled sweetly, and said he did not believe he would as the boy had gone and would doubtless do well. The young lady is handsome and intelligent, and aged about sweet sixteen. The prominence of the families gives an especially sweet flavor to the morsel, as the gossip-mongers roll it over and view it from every convenient stand-point. The affair is much to be regretted, as both families have always been held in the highest esteem.

A UTAH DIVORCE NO GOOD.

An Abandoned Wife Seeks Relief From a Faithless Husband, Claiming That His Divorce is Not Valid—A Pretty Mess.

FALL RIVER, Mass., May 30.—An old case, which caused considerable gossip a few years ago, has been revived during the week just past. Walter Ray, a well-known bottler in this city some years ago, had reason to suspect his wife's infidelity, and instituted proceedings against her in the divorce court, in hope of dissolving the marriage contract, but was unsuccessful. The verdict of the public at the time was that it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. Nothing daunted, he tried his luck again, but the revelations showed that he was as much to blame as she, whom he was wishful to discard, and the divorce was not decreed. He then left the city for the Great Salt Lake, stopped there for a few months and obtained a divorce. Then he returned to this city. It is a year and a half since his return, and since he has lived separate from his wife. Having obtained the Utah divorce, Ray thought he had the matter settled and could do as he had a mind to, but the majesty of the law sometimes overrules men's private opinions, and this case was no exception to the rule.

During the time since his return he became acquainted with another married lady, of prepossessing appearance, whose husband had left her some six years ago. The lady's present name is Agnes Hassett, but she is better known by her maiden name, Aggie Morrison, and according to report they have been going it lively of late; so much so, that Ray's wife has become particularly interested in trying to find out their place of meeting, and has been successful. On Saturday night last she heard that her husband and Aggie were together in Priestly's block on Pocasset street, in which block Ray occupied an attic room: so nothing would suit my lady all forlorn but securing the police officers to beard the lion in his den. About 3 o'clock Sunday morning the busy housewife, with a sergeant of police and a patrolman, wended their way towards this tenement, but found the door fastened. They knocked loud enough to wake any ordinary person, but no entrance being given them the door was burst open and the lock wrenched from its holdings, but even this did not stir the couple, for they were fast asleep locked in each other's arms. It took several minutes to awaken them. When they opened their eyes and saw the trio, they made haste in dressing, after which they were locked up at Central Station, in separate cells. Sunday morning Ray had a friend who became bail for him, and in the afternoon he found bail for his paramour. His first wife will now institute a suit for divorce, her lawyer setting up the novel plea that a divorce obtained in Utah is not valid in Massachusetts.

A Wicked Sister and Brother.

They have a singular affair on hand in Blair, Omaha. Frank Sutton and his sister, Mrs. Barnes, were arrested on charge of attempting to rape Maggie O'Hare, a girl sixteen years old, whom Mrs. Barnes had ensnared in her house and kept prisoner in her bed-room under lock and key for two days and nights, during which she turned her brother Frank, who is only seventeen years old, into the room with Maggie to force her to yield to him. He threatened with a revolver to kill her, etc., and abused her shamefully, but she fought and resisted him successfully all this time, notwithstanding additional threats of violence of Mrs. Barnes. Finally she was rescued by her father, who accidentally got on her track. He would probably have killed both Mrs. Barnes and Sutton had it not been for the advice of District Attorney Ferguson. Sutton and Mrs. Barnes have been held for trial, and in default of bail are now in jail.

"Glimpses of Gotham and City Characters"—An Electric Success—A large Sale and Universal Satisfaction—Opinions of the Press.

A series of characteristically graphic and brilliant sketches of metropolitan life from the pen of the late Samuel Anderson MacKeever, have been published by R. K. Fox, 183 William Street, N. Y., under the title, "Glimpses of Gotham and City Characters." Apart from the intrinsic value of the sketches, the fact that this is the only collection of the works of a well-known author and journalist extant, renders it a desirable acquisition.—New York Daily News.

"GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM."—We acknowledge the receipt of a book bearing the above title, written by the late Samuel A. MacKeever, author and journalist. The book describes many strange phases of life in New York city after midnight, and the subject is treated in a truthful and graphic manner. It is sensational, but throws light upon many things not otherwise brought to the public gaze and is interesting to any student of human nature in all its phases.—Saturday Evening Post.

A BOSS BIGAMIST.

Another Pillar of Society Goes Foolishly and Recklessly Wrong.

A TRICKY OLD BENEDICT.

A Wonderful Story of Mysterious Disappearance, Supposed Murder and Strange Meetings.

A CORPSE THAT HOODWINKED.

The phrase "truth is stranger than fiction" has a canting sound about it and is rendered weak by frequent repetition, but there are times when nothing so well describes a situation or expresses astonishment as those particular words. A case illustrative of this has been brought to light in Kansas City in the past few days, culminating in public exposure through the police office. It is a case of marriage, re-marriage, alleged bigamy, wife desertion and a few other minor matters so gloriously entangled and mixed up that it would require a month to straighten it out properly.

The hero or heavy villain of this "over true tale," as the case may be, is Joseph H. Canfield, who erstwhile manufactured refrigerators and "sich" on East Twelfth street, in that city.

BETWEEN MAIN AND OAK.

In the year 1868 Joseph H. Canfield, then a well-to-do man of forty years of age, married Miss Mary A. Hanley in St. Louis.

The bride was a blooming maiden of perhaps seventeen summers and an equal number of winters. The groom was the owner of a churn patent and possessed of a snug sum of money. During the first years of their marriage the young wife was informed by some of her friends that Canfield was keeping as his mistress Sue Kelly, who was an adopted daughter of the wealthy and aristocratic O'Fallon family. Mrs. Canfield accused her of the misdemeanor and created something of a family breeze over the matter on several occasions. The affair was amicably settled by Canfield promising never to do it again and the young wife was satisfied. In the course of human events a daughter was born to them, soon after which the father became reduced in circumstances and removed to Philadelphia about the year 1869. Upon arriving in the city of brotherly love and white window blinds Mr. and Mrs. Canfield opened a small grocery store and in the following year up to 1872 amassed a little property by close application to business and frugal living.

Now comes the strange part of the story. On the night of April 29, 1872, Canfield mysteriously disappeared. He left the house that night as if to attend to some ordinary business and never returned. The sorrow stricken wife searched for him everywhere, but without success. Detectives exhausted their skill in endeavoring to

FIND SOME CLUE.

but in vain. When the missing man left the house he had a large sum of money on his person. He made no preparations for flight. All his clothing with the exception of the ordinary suit he wore at the time, was left, together with his private papers of great value. His married life was serene and happy. There was only one explanation. He had been murdered for his money and his dead body cast into the voiceless waters of the river. As if to make this assured, a dead body was found shortly afterwards in the water, and although fearfully decayed, was recognized and identified as that of Canfield. His wife put on the customary weeds and mourned deeply and sincerely for the partner of her bosom. In the ordinary routine of law courts she obtained possession of what estate was left after nine months' litigation. The amount was scarcely one hundred dollars, and the poor widow was obliged to go to work to support her two children.

For over five years she remained, as she supposed, a widow, but in the year 1878 doffed the black for the white garments of a bride, the lucky groom being Stephen Higgins. Soon after her marriage she came to Kansas City to visit her brother-in-law, a stone-mason, the well-known Mike Joyce. After living here a year she went to St. Louis to collect a debt of \$500, which one James Stillman, a former partner of Canfield, owed her. While in St. Louis she was dumb-founded—actually paralyzed, so to speak—with astonishment to learn that her husband, whom she had mourned as dead, was not only alive and well, but was living with the obnoxious Sue Kelly. Messrs. Bailey & Richardson, merchants on Market street in St. Louis, gave her the information and positive proof that her husband was doing a profitable business in Omaha.

Mrs. Canfield returned to Kansas City in a brown study over these

WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENTS.

Troubles crowded thick and fast upon her, however, and she resolved never to trouble her first husband if he kept at a respectable distance. Her second husband, Higgins, now employed at the street car barn, was said to have treated her unkindly, but at any rate a separation was effected after a terrific family row, and the breach has not since been healed.

The second strange chapter in this most singular of stories now comes in. Nearly a year ago chance or providence directed Canfield to this city. He opened

a place in the old Butterfield building and prospered. He removed to Twelfth street afterwards. It is indeed strange that these four people, after all their wanderings, should have settled down within a few blocks of each other, each couple unaware of the presence of the other for months, but such is the fact. While Canfield was in the Butterfield building, with his second wife, his first wife was at 519 Main street, where she now resides, scarcely three blocks distant.

About three months ago, she saw an advertisement of one of Canfield's patents in the paper. The circumstance did not, at the time, cause her to think that Canfield was here, but as she considered that she had an interest in the same patents, she sent a friend around to make inquiries. In this manner she discovered her husband, but not desiring, for the sake of children, that he should be exposed, she kept in the dark and let her game remain in blissful ignorance of the pending ruin. This state of things could not exist for any length of time. Mrs. Canfield became desperate and resolved to bring Canfield to terms. She entered the store, leading her two children by the hand, and was met by wife No. 2, who did not recognize her. While the two women were conversing Canfield opened the rear door leading into the sleeping apartment and looked out. Mrs. Canfield and the two children advanced toward him and with the quickness of light, the recognition was made.

A SICKLY PALE SMILE

passed over the features of the long-lost husband, and then bracing up, with an elegant exhibition of nerve, he kissed both children, and extending his hand to his wife, said:

"How do you do, Molly?"

The deserted wife coolly refused the proffered hand, saying:

"Don't offer me your hand, Canfield; I want nothing to do with you, but I want you to help support these children," and this was the greeting after eight years of absence, while the second wife stood by, a sad spectator.

The conversation ensuing resulted in a bitter quarrel before the workmen in the shop. Mrs. Canfield the first, left the next day, Sunday. Canfield, after selling out his shop to a man named Polless, faded into the mist of obscurity. It is thought that he has gone to St. Louis, although this is merely supposition.

After his departure the war cloud deepened. On Monday the first wife went for Polless, and berated him for helping Canfield to swindle her out of her just rights. It is said that Polless put her out of the store. The two mistresses Canfield then held a soiree, in which No. 1 accused No. 2 of not being married, to which the latter returned an indignant denial, but did not produce the necessary papers, of which necessary documents No. 1 had a trunk full. On the 27th ult., No. 1 stepped into the shop on Twelfth street, and taking the key to the front door, boldly locked the place up.

ANOTHER ROW RESULTED.

and all parties adjourned to Police Headquarters, where No. 1 was told that she could not lock up the place except by legal proceedings. No. 2 was escorted back to the place by Officer McGinniss, who saw her remove her effects in safety, and No. 1 retired to 519 Main street, after which all became serene until late in the day, when the latter secured an attorney and began legal proceedings to secure possession of the store. The merits of the case will be decided by the courts. The present proprietor claims to have purchased the place in the ordinary course of business, while on the other hand Mrs. Canfield claims that he conspired with Canfield to defraud the children.

It will be readily seen that this is a most singular case. No. 1 claims that No. 2 followed Canfield to Philadelphia, and that when he disappeared he ran away with her. No. 2 claims that she was married to him seven or eight years ago, and claims not to have discovered the previous marriage until three years afterwards. She also makes the astonishing statement that Canfield has still another wife living. The wives are prepossessing, and of the ordinary walks of life. Canfield is a man of 52 years, of dignified clerical appearance, which is enhanced by gray hair and whiskers.

SHAKING DICE FOR A WIFE.

How Two Rivals Settled their Claims to the Hand of a Young Lady—Riveting the Matrimonial Band.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Some time ago a picnic was planned from Laramie City, Wyoming Territory, by a number of ladies and gentlemen. Three of the party, two gents and one lady, are the characters in our little drama.

There had been a dispute for some time as to which of the gents should marry the young lady. One day they became more or less full of fiery liquor and getting into a discussion over the matter decided that it should be settled immediately. Accordingly a proposition by one was agreed to by the other, that dice should be thrown, and that the winner was to be the possessor of the young lady. The dice being thrown, Miss Emma Wanless, this being the name of the young lady in dispute, became the property, so to speak, of Mr. Ira Carrington.

This is strange enough, but still more is to come, which sounds stranger yet. On returning to Laramie City they decided to be married at once, and therefore visited a justice of the peace who tied them tightly. They lived together for some time, but thinking the bonds not strong enough, agreed to go to an Episcopal minister and again take the nuptial oath. Still unsatisfied they decided to be married again, this time by a Catholic priest, making them three times married.

The wife, in speaking of the incident, says that she has one consolation and that is, that if her husband wants to free himself with or without mutual consent, that they will have to get divorced the same number of times as the marriage vows have been taken.

A GORY GLUTTON.

Attempting to Assassinate a Prominent Man in Broad Daylight, and Killing the Man Who Saved His Life.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The city of Leavenworth, Kan., was thrown into a state of great excitement on the 26th ult., over the attempted assassination of D. R. Anthony, editor of the Times and postmaster, by Thos. O. Thurston, who shot and killed W. W. Embury on the 1st of January last. The shooting occurred about 1:30 o'clock on Delaware street, near the corner of Fourth, the busiest and most frequented part of the city. Mr. Anthony was coming east on Delaware street, and when near the corner of Fourth met Thurston, but passed by without speaking.

Thurston, Mr. Anthony believed, was seeking to kill him, and consequently he had nothing to do with him. When they had passed each other Thurston turned and called to the gentleman to stop. Mr. Anthony turned half way around and saw Thurston pull a pistol. He turned again and walked rapidly away without saying a word, when Thurston fired twice, neither bullet, however, taking effect; at the second shot Mr. Anthony stepped into a doorway. After the shooting Thurston got on a hack, which was standing by, with the driver, and flourished the revolver, crying, "Keep away; don't touch me," and then drove to the police station, where he gave himself up, saying he wanted to be locked up for protection. He denied to the officer at the station that he had any weapon, but on searching him a large, ivory-handled, silver-mounted Colt's navy was found, of fifty-four caliber, two chambers of which had been discharged. He said he had shot Mr. Anthony twice, and thought he had hit somebody else. It turned out that this was true, and that he had hurt

NOT ONLY ONE MAN, BUT TWO.

neither of them being the one he had aimed at. The first bullet fired at Mr. Anthony sped along the street, where, between Second and Third streets, just in front of the Western Union Telegraph office, a block and a half away from the spot where Thurston stood when he fired, it struck Lucian Baker, an attorney of that city, passing entirely through his body. Baker said, "I'm shot," and was then assisted into the telegraph office, where he was carried on a chair, and soon after taken to a drug store on the corner on the opposite side of the street where medical attendance was called. The bullet which passed through him, fell from his clothing as he sat in the telegraph office. The physicians think the bullet may have passed through either both lungs or one of them, in which case he may hardly live.

Baker is the attorney who defended Thurston for the killing of Embury, and succeeded in acquitting him. The second bullet fired by Thurston hit John P. Douglas, the advertising solicitor of the Times, who was standing in front of the book and stationery store of Crew & Bro. The bullet struck him in the head, passing through the right ear and out at some distance behind. The wound, however, is not considered a fatal one, and Mr. Douglas will be out in a few days. The shooting created the greatest excitement, and crowds filled the streets in a very few minutes. When it was learned that a vile attempt at assassination had been made, and that

TWO INNOCENT CITIZENS.

had been shot, the excitement grew greater, if possible, and threats of lynching were freely indulged in. At last these threats assumed so definite a form that Sheriff Lowe went to the city prison where Thurston was and took him in a covered hack to some place at present unknown. It is hard hardly thought that he took him to the county jail, and it is the impression now that Thurston is either in the United States Military Prison, the guard-house at Fort Leavenworth, or the Kansas State Penitentiary, just below the city. It is almost sure that if he is at the county jail an attempt will be made to hang him, for the people are greatly aroused. This man Thurston is a desperate character, and having killed one man and escaped hanging, he thought he could kill any man he didn't like. Embury, whom Thurston killed on the 1st of January, was the man who shot Mr. Anthony in the Opera House here on the night of the 10th of May, 1875. Thurston had been Embury's partner in the publication of a newspaper, and the killing of Embury was the result of a quarrel between them regarding its affairs. Thurston, besides killing Embury, had a shooting affair some time ago with a man named Derrall, at Platte City, and was shot in the face. He always carried a pistol, and has been engaged in various other affairs. It really excited no particular surprise when Thurston tried to kill Col. Anthony, as it was well known that he has been waiting to assassinate him. When Thurston and Embury were publishing their papers, they became incensed at Col. Anthony because he made them pay full postage on their paper.

THURSTON WELL KNOWN

that Anthony never carried a weapon, and would have nothing to do with him. The city feels greatly relieved that this affair will surely rid the community of a desperado, for the public safety demands that Thurston be put where he will not have the opportunity to shoot every man he does not like. The sorrow for Mr. Baker is universal, as he is a young man about thirty years of age, has a family, and is recognized as one of the brightest and most talented lawyers in the State. The chances for recovery are against him, but he has plenty of pluck and a good constitution and may get through. Mr. Douglas is a young man about twenty-two years of age, and has been connected with the Times for many years. His escape from instant death was miraculous, as the deviation of the ball the sixteenth of an inch would have been fatal. Thurston was divorced from his

wife a short time ago, and lately had been loafing around town, with no visible means of support. He stole the pistol with which he did the shooting from a saloon.

AN ARKANSAS MATINEE.

What a Life of Guilty Love Led to.—A Fascinating Servant Girl—What it Cost Her for Eloping With Her Master.

OSARK, Kan., May 26.—Thomas B. Edmunds was executed at this place to-day for the murder of Julia Alsobrooks, in Johnson county, in July, 1878. She was his mistress, and had borne him a child, also supposed to have been murdered by him. The evidence was purely circumstantial; and when upon the scaffold, in the presence of five or six thousand people, Edmunds solemnly asserted his innocence, the spectators were profoundly moved.

The gallows was twenty feet high, with a platform ten feet square and a drop of about six feet. At 1:30 o'clock P. M. the noose was put around his neck, the knot under the left ear, the signal given and the drop fell. The rope slipped and a horrible sight ensued. The doomed man twitched convulsively, his feet and hands coming almost together. After hanging ten minutes he was pronounced dead and the body taken down and buried.

The crime for which Edmunds suffered the death penalty was committed nearly two years ago. Edmunds was a native of Kentucky, and his relatives are among the wealthiest and most influential families in the state. He was well educated, and married a most estimable lady, who belonged also to an aristocratic family. The nuptials were celebrated with great splendor, and every one predicted a bright and happy future for the

NEWLY-WEDDED COUPLE.

Possessed of abundant means, it seemed for a time as if the wishes of their friends would be realized. But after a brief season of happiness a cloud arose. Edmunds had always been what is termed "a ladies' man," and his marriage did not change him in this particular. His wife objected to other women, and bickering and strife began.

In the fall of 1877 Mrs. Edmunds gave birth to a baby. During her illness a young girl named Julia Alsobrooks was employed as attendant. She was only fifteen, and her beauty was universally conceded. Edmunds fell desperately in love with her. The girl was as vain as she was beautiful, and his flattery completely turned her head. Under these circumstances her ruin was easily accomplished. But Edmunds' infatuation did not end here. He persuaded Julia to elope with him, and deliberately turned his back upon his wife and family.

The guilty couple came to Washington county, this state, and remained there several months. Here a child was born, the fruit of their illicit passion. Their conduct was so exemplary that no suspicion was aroused, and when some one from the neighborhood of their old home happened in that neighborhood and dropped a hint of the true state of affairs the news fell upon the people like a thunderbolt. Edmunds denied everything. He at once prepared to move, giving out that he was going back to Kentucky, and so disappeared, nothing more being heard of him until the tragedy brought him again before the public.

From Washington he went to Johnson county, encamping on the banks of the Arkansas river, where he remained three or four days. Long before this he had grown tired of Julia, and he now regarded her with aversion. He had grown morose, and spent hours wandering along the river bank, brooding upon the situation. The desire to be rid of the girl forever grew irresistible.

HE OBEYED THE TEMPTOR.

One morning he disappeared suddenly. This excited no remark, it being supposed that the woman and child accompanied him. When, several weeks later, articles of female apparel belonging to her were found near the abandoned camp, and a woman's skeleton discovered in the river, suspicion was aroused. An investigation led to Edmunds' arrest on the charge of murdering his mistress and child. He was found at his old home in Kentucky, and stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime; but slowly and surely the chain of circumstantial evidence closed around him. His statements in regard to the whereabouts of the woman and child were vague and contradictory. Once he said they had both died in St. Louis. Again he claimed they were buried in Poplar Bluff, Mo. He was given every opportunity to produce evidence to corroborate his statements, but made no effort to do so. His friends made desperate exertions in his behalf. His father employed able counsel, and nothing that money could do was left undone.

The case was tried at this place on change of venue last December. It was in every respect the most remarkable murder trial ever witnessed in Franklin county. Witnesses from Kentucky testified that Edmunds was a deacon in the Baptist church, and that his name and standing up to the time of his departure had always been above reproach. The prosecution confined itself to proving the identity of the body found in the water. The ghastly skeleton was brought into the court-room and exhibited to the jury, witnesses and gaping spectators, creating a decided sensation. It was identified as the body of the girl from a tusk-like tooth which protruded from the upper lip, and also from remnants of the dress, which one witness testified to having made. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge sentenced Edmunds to hang February 27th. The case went to the Supreme Court on a supersedeas. A stay was granted, and the prisoner's counsel retained hope of a pardon or commutation. But it was not to be. The Supreme Court sifted the evidence carefully, and affirmed the decision of the lower court. The Governor refused to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment, and fixed the day of execution on May 26th.

A HAIR-LIFTING ADVENTURE.

What a "Copper" Found in an Elegant Mansion—A Night of Terror—The Two Corpses Beneath a Stairway.

A Cleveland policeman a few nights since related the following adventure to a reporter who was waiting at the station-house to pick up some news. "To-night, said the officer" is the tenth anniversary of an affair which, for sheer horribleness, surpasses anything I ever passed through. Why, my young friend, ninety-nine out of a hundred men in the same situation would have turned gray before morning. All that saved me from such a fate was the fact that my hair was providentially taken off by sickness in my youth, and ever since I have worn a wig. Well, to proceed: I was on a night beat on one of the densely populated streets of a large metropolis of this country. Nothing had yet happened to disturb my unusually quiet evening's walk, when suddenly as I passed before a large residence, I heard issuing from its interior walls exclamations of pain mingled with curses: then silence ensued. Of course, "foul play" was the first thought that flashed through my mind. I looked at the building; it was a large, square house, the property of a miserly old capitalist, who had ten years before vacated it for a more elegant mansion. He had placed the rent at such exorbitant figures, and had so continually refused to reduce it, that no tenants had ever entered. Time was fast making way with it. Its interior coats of paint had long since vanished, pigeons roosted under its cornices, the windows were loosely boarded and the gate nailed fast. It was evident something must be done at once; I sprang over the shakily fence, made up to one of the windows, and with a little exertion tore one of the boards loose, shivering the lower sash and crawled in head first, intending to light a dark-lantern which I had with me. Once inside, I struck a match. As it flamed up I shuddered involuntarily as I found myself bending over the body of a man

STIFF AND CLAMMY IN DEATH.

He was stretched out at full length. I but touched his icy face. A rope was tightly drawn around his neck. He had evidently been strangled to death. By whom? A gust through the open window at that moment extinguished the match, with which, in my consternation, I had neglected to light the lantern. Before I could strike another, an unseen and tremendous power forced me on my back. I struggled to gain an upright position, but in vain. I was turned over, my hands secured behind me, my eyes bound shut and a gag forced into my mouth. Not a footfall had I heard, not the sound of a voice; only felt the touch of several powerful hands as they secured me. Such silence and the revelation of that dead man unnerved me. I expected every moment to feel a rope round my neck, and with these thoughts my eyeballs seemed protruding from their sockets.

"Spirits!" gasped the newspaper man.

"Don't interrupt me again, sir. For an unknown time I felt and heard nothing further, and began to realize that I was alone. I aroused my energies, succeeded in getting my hands at liberty and the bandages from my eyes and mouth. I lighted the dark lantern, illuminating with it the apartment. The corpse had disappeared with the ghostly visitants. I was in a dusky, moldy, cold room. Seeing that the human fiends or strangling spirits hadn't killed me when they had a most excellent chance, I thought I was out of danger, but decided to glance about me before departing. A few spots of blood trickled along the floor first attracted my attention. I scrutinized the walls, and near the hinge of an open door fresh

MARKS OF BLOOD WERE SPATTERED.

Nothing further in the room. I made an exit at my way of ingress, reached headquarters, and soon three fellow-police were with me at the house. We ransacked it from top to bottom, found an outer door open on the floor we had first entered, and in a closet under a staircase we discovered—horror of horrors!



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS EMMA HOFFMAN, VOCALIST AND VARIETY ACTRESS.



GIRLS SHOULDN'T SMOKE—A VARIETY ACTRESS WHILE SMOKING A CIGARETTE, SETS HER CLOTHING ON FIRE AND NARROWLY ESCAPES BURNING TO DEATH; LOUISVILLE, KY.

two corpses. It was a startling disclosure. The traces of some horrible crime were coming to light. We carried the bodies out into an adjoining room. One was the remains of the man I had seen previously in the other room, the other that of a girl.

"Those cries you heard never proceeded from these corpses," said one of the men as, after a minute's observation he turned to me. There's a sprink-



BETSY ROBINSON, ALIAS ESTELLE TRIPP, LEADER OF A GANG OF "CROOKS" IN HOWARD COUNTY, NEB.

ing of mold on this fellow's forehead, and the body of the girl is in a condition of rapid putrefaction. They've been dead several days. What can we make of it?"

"Grave robbers," spoke out some one.

"Exactly."

"But what about the blood-stains and the cries?" broke in the reporter excitedly.

"Hold on! don't get in a hurry, my young man. Well, we tended to those cases by reburying them in

two caved-in, vacant graves in the cemetery, close by the residence wherein we found them. Two days after that night, four men were arrested while fleeing with two tomb inmates from a graveyard in another part of the city. They were tried, convicted and sentenced. Sufficient proof was not elicited to connect the four with my night adventure; but a hand of one of the robbers was mangled up in a terrible state. I think my reasonings are correct when I say that in the tenantless house that night by some accident his hand was fastened in the door, causing him to omit the cries which I had heard. While in a back room dressing the wound, I had entered. They had of course, heard me. Their number gave them courage. They remained silent, and as my match went out, with heavily muffled feet unheard on the floor deep covered with dust, they had entered and bound me as related."

Girls Shouldn't Smoke.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Susie Summerfield, of the company of the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, and for some months at the Vine street Opera house, Cincinnati, met with an accident a few days since, in the former city that came very near preventing her from ever more making a high kick in the bewitching can-can, or mashing the boys with her shapely limbs clad in silk tights. At her room in her boarding-house at noon she was leisurely puffing away on a cigarette, and probably thinking of her many conquests as one of the can-can queens, when she suddenly discovered that her dress was all in a blaze. Her screams aroused the household, who succeeded in smothering the flames, but not until her dress and underclothing were nearly burned off her; but strange to say, the only injury she received was having her hands severely burned, but not enough to prevent her from appearing in the evening. It was a close call for Susan.

A Fatal Fall.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A large fire, destroying \$300,000 worth of property, occurred in Brooklyn on the 28th ult. The buildings were all on the river front, and the vessel lying alongside were obliged to pull off to the middle of the river to avoid destruction. As one schooner was drawn away from the pier a spark alighting on the gaff topsail set fire to it. The vessel was in full view of the large throng gathered at the foot of Jay street, and many persons eagerly watching the sailor who nimbly climbed the rope ladder and began to beat out the tiny flames with his cap. Just as he had extinguished the fire and had turned to go below he slipped and in full view of several hundred persons fell to the deck. An exclamation of horror arose from the crowd, but there were no means of telling whether the man was killed; but from the distance he fell he must have been seriously hurt. The roar of the flames drowned all other sounds. It was a terrible fall, and the man if he lives, will be a cripple for life.

A Queer Exhibition.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A woman in Champaign, Ill., has struck a genuine novelty out of which to make a living. If she sets up the claim that she is the "onliest only" in her line of attraction, no one will care to dispute. She has secured a petrified baby, and placing it in a carriage she wheels it about the streets greatly to the wonder of pedestrians. The face of the babe is perfect in outline, and is apparently that of a beautiful, plump-faced child. The body and limbs, however, show the mark of the carver's chisel.

A DEMURE, diminutive girl, of innocent appearance, is under arrest in Philadelphia for bigamy. She has three living husbands, all of which she has married within two years. When asked why she had done this, she said: "They were all good fellows, and they coaxed me so."



A BRUTAL TRUCK-DRIVER KNOCKS DOWN A GENTLEMAN IN THE STREETS, AND IS PREVENTED FROM DRIVING OVER HIM BY THE PLUCK OF HIS FEMALE COMPANION; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 6.



CHARLES KENNEDY, THIEF, ATTEMPTED TO BREAK JAIL AT LOCKPORT, N. Y., AND WAS FOILED BY AN ACCIDENT.



MRS. TILLOTSON, WIFE OF A NOTED CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN, WHOSE ERRING WAYS CAUSED HER HUSBAND TO ATTEMPT SUICIDE.



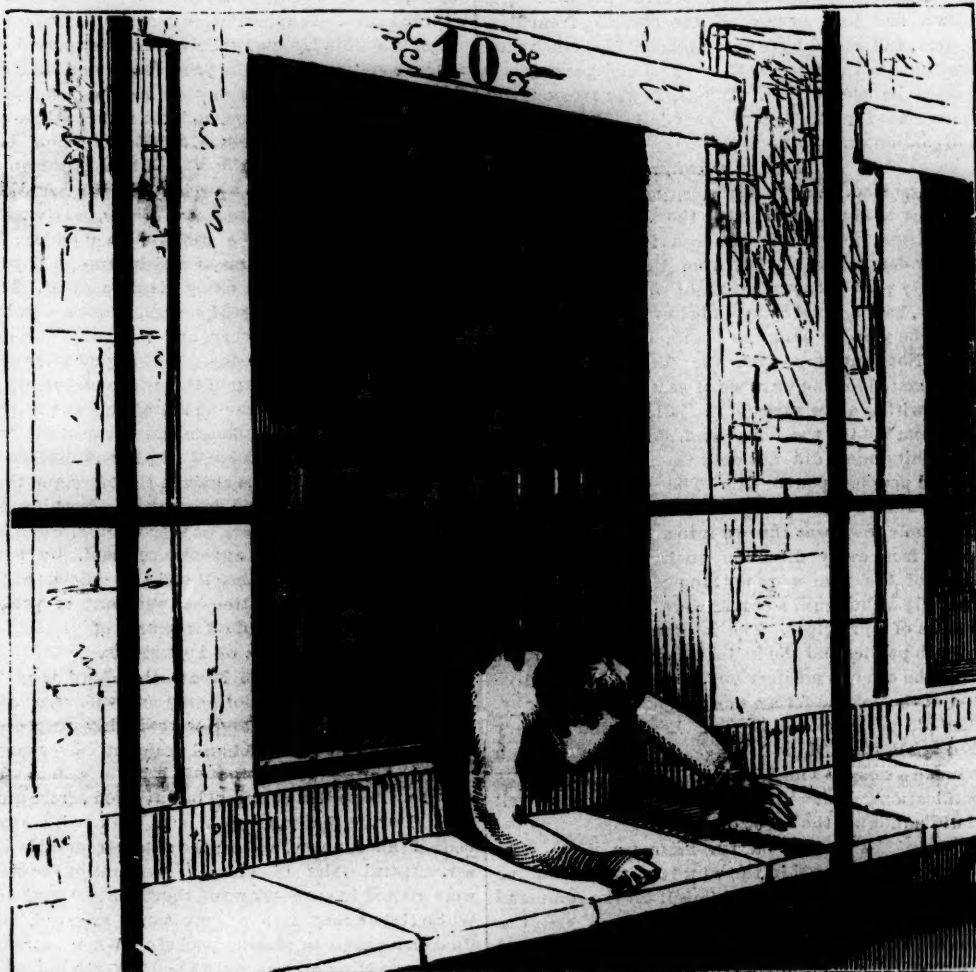
SOPHIA LYONS, ALIAS LOUISE SYLVAN, ALIAS KATE KORUNDLE, THIEF AND BLACKMAILER, ARRESTED IN DETROIT.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A Notorious Criminal Foiled in an Attempt to Break Jail—A Trickish Predicament.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Confined in the Lockport, N. Y., jail is Charles Kennedy, one of the most notorious "cracks" of this country. He has acquired a reputation all over Western New York for lawlessness, and his incarceration was hailed with delight. He is also well known in Chicago, but that city became too hot for him, and he left unceremoniously. On the 24th ult., he made a desperate attempt to escape, but was foiled in a very singular manner. The turnkey locked up the cell doors at 8:30, and everything seemed secure. About 10:30 he heard an unusual commotion in the jail and on going to the jail door was told that Kennedy was dying. On going up to Kennedy's cell, he found him stuck in the hole he had cut in his cell door. He had all his clothing off and had his head and arms through, but could not get the rest of his body through the aperture. Turnkey Black notified the Sheriff at once and measures were taken to release Kennedy from his own trap. The hole Kennedy cut in his cell door is eleven inches square. To make this hole he sawed off four round iron rods $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in thickness, and then he came to what is termed the grub-hole bar, on his left. This is a flat bar about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and one-half inch thick, is chilled iron and hard to cut. Upon this Kennedy broke his saw. A workman was called and with what tools he could furnish, after an hour of hard work, the flat bar was cut and Kennedy released. He is now in a new cell. He stated to those present that it was Sheriff Lewis' place to keep him if he could, and it was his place to get out if he could. He finds fault with the Sheriff because he is not let out in the hall—wants more liberties. This is all he says induced him to try to get out. His friends outside in some manner furnished him with saws. If he had been successful in gaining the hall he would have had to cut the bars at one of the windows in order to have gained his liberty. The turnkey, the last thing before going to bed examines the jail to see if everything is all right, and possibly might have detected him before he had time to accomplish his purpose.



"DON'T YOU GO, CHARLEY, DON'T GO"—CHARLES KENNEDY, A FAMOUS "CROOK" ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE FROM THE LOCKPORT, N. Y., JAIL, BUT IS FOILED IN A VERY PECULIAR MANNER.

Mrs. Wilson is a Delaware heiress and beauty. She fell in love with a farm hand, because she deemed him heroic; but when they eloped, and he ran away from her across the fields at the approach of her pursuing father, she concluded that she had overrated him, and went back home contentedly.

ALL FOR A MAN.

How a Lot of California Girls Decided their Claims to the Undivided Attention of a Darling Man.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A novel race occurred last week at Red Bluff, Cal. Several young ladies were "maimed" so to speak on a nice young man, and a foot race was had to decide who should share undivided his attentions. The young ladies were in force at the school picnic, and so was the young man, who divided his attentions equally upon them all. He was compelled to leave the grounds at an early hour, when each of the young maidens set up the claim of having attracted his attention the most. From quiet and hushed words a genuine babel emanated, which was quieted only by the most sensible one advising the entire bevy to his to some unsought spot, and there run a fair and square race the prize to be the young man. Without seeking the young man's advice the suggestion was at once acted upon—for where is there a country girl who cannot run?—and the entire lot of charming misses repaired to a clear piece of ground, about a quarter mile from the dance floor. The ground was carefully viewed, all impediments that would cause failure removed, and the judge, a younger sister of one of the girls, selected. The girls ranged themselves up to the line, got ready, and at the word started. It was a hard and desperate struggle—some tagging at the skirts of others, several turning complete somersaults in their impetuosity, while more fainted away, when they saw their hopes of success vanish. The turning tree was reached in short time by the maiden who proposed the race, who won it also, coming in at least twenty feet ahead of her competitors. When it was seen she had the race all to herself a storm of indignation arose, all saying it was a put up job; but still the winner claims her prize, and intends to hang on to him; and the young man seems satisfied also, as far as he is concerned.

The Toledo Babies' Home was not so much a home as a place for dying in. It was found that twenty-five out of a hundred of the inmates had perished from ill treatment. The woman who conducted it had a face like a Madonna, and was very successful in getting money from the benevolent. She is to be tried on a charge of manslaughter.



GO! AND MAY THE BEST GIRL WIN—A PARTY OF YOUNG LADIES AT A PICNIC INDULGE IN A FOOT-RACE TO DECIDE WHICH HAS THE BEST RIGHT TO SIT IN A YOUNG MAN'S LAP ON SUNDAY NIGHT; NEAR RED BLUFF, CAL.

TOO MUCH MARRIED.

A Widow Who Was Met, Wooed and Wed, and Lost \$10,000 in the Experience.

KIDNAPPING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

A Mansion in Fifth Avenue That Contains a Very Frisky Skeleton.

A RICH PLUM FOR LAWYERS.

For some two weeks past there has been noticed at a down town hotel in New York a delicate, sad-faced lady, whose eager black eyes moved quickly in every direction, as if in search of something or some one, and at every sight of a child she would always manage in some way to obtain a glimpse of its face, but would turn away disappointed. On the 29th ult., the facts of her case were made known to Chief Walling, superintendent of the New York detectives. It is a pitiful story of everyday life and woman's faith in deceptive man, and will lead to the usual wise editorial remarks from men who are not, as a general rule, given to too much marrying. The names of the parties are withheld for the sake of the lady, who once lived in Philadelphia and whose relatives now reside there.

Some five years ago a charming widow, who then lived on Arch street, was met, wooed and wed by a most fascinating gentleman, with the form of an Adonis and the royal manners of a prince. He claimed to live in Boston—that is, when his duties as commercial traveler for a well-known business house in New York allowed him to seek a home for a few days' or weeks' rest from his labors. He referred to notable business men in New York, who were visited and interviewed by the lady's friends, and he was reported to be

A HIGH-TONED GENTLEMAN.

of considerable means and well worthy to be the husband of the fair widow, whose social standing was the very best and whose education entitled her to an enviable position in the literary world. Can reliable business men afford to be the confederates of a suave villain, or did he wear such a complete cloak that he hid his character from even his conscience?

The newly-made wife had quite a fine property, and her first mistake was in giving her polished husband \$10,000 to increase his business facilities. In due course of time the gentleman, who we shall now call Mr. C., took his bride to Boston and placed her in beautiful rooms in a select boarding-house, among total strangers; all ideas of housekeeping were given up upon the plea that the husband had to be away from home so much it was thought best for the wife to be in the house with others.

In two years a little girl was born, and in the care of her child the wife never thought of the whereabouts of her husband, who professed to be traveling. At various times demands were made upon her generosity for one or two thousand dollars. "I had it, and I gave it to him," she said, for which favor she received calls a few times a year, and occasionally presents of valuable unique jewelry and gems of antique and modern art, and once in a great while small sums of money, which she sacredly put in the bank for the child.

Lately the demands for money became more urgent, and when once she refused to give the amount Mr. C.

LEFT IN A RAGE

and was not heard from in months. During his absence Mrs. C. consulted her family lawyer and was advised to investigate her husband's proceedings, which were certainly very peculiar, and in the meantime to change her boarding house, which she did.

About a month ago the husband returned, and upon being refused admittance to the house acted like a madman and threatened to break in the doors and windows, whereupon the landlord let him in. Calmed by a gift of money Mr. C. went away for an indefinite length of time, so Mrs. C. thought, and that he had left the city, and during the afternoon, a few days later, she, with her three year-old daughter, went to a prominent dry goods establishment to make a few necessary purchases. The child was a greater portion of the time sitting on a stool by her side, holding her mother's hand. However, the lady moved a few steps to receive her package and the change, which she stopped to count. When she turned the stool was empty! Her child was gone!

One of the employees saw a gentleman enter the store, walk calmly up and kiss and speak to the child, whereupon the little creature put its tiny arms about his neck, and he carried her swiftly into the street and got into a carriage waiting at the door, which IMMEDIATELY DROVE AWAY.

As Mr. C. was known in the store as the lady's husband and the child's father, the clerk thought the whole affair perfectly natural until matters were explained by the agonized mother.

Through the detectives the two were traced to New York, whither the half-crazed woman followed them, and there for a time the clue was lost, although Mrs. C. paid private detectives as much as \$500 in one day alone; it was not to their interest to kill the goose by finding the child, so they enjoyed the golden egg for nearly two weeks, when she grew weary waiting, and acting upon the suggestion of a posted city friend, she applied to Superintendent Walling, and in one day the location of her child was found.

The reputed husband is living in grand style in one of the up-town streets, near Fifth avenue, with a lady bearing his name, and from various statements the belief arises that she was his wife before he married the Philadelphia widow; but that fact remains to be proven. In the meantime a writ has been served for his appearance at court with the child, and the case is now placed in the hands of most eminent city lawyers, and it promises to be most complicated and interesting.

BLOODTHIRSTY LYNCHERS.

Negroes Attempting to Protect a Prisoner in Texarkana Are Attacked by Whites—A Pitched Battle in the Streets—The Negroes Defeated and the Prisoner Hanged.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 31.—The town of Texarkana, in this state, has just passed through a scene which does not quite equal the Brooks-Barter war, but which is sufficiently demonstrative to gain a place for its recognition in the list of warlike demonstrations. Several days ago a colored man, known as Dr. Cromwell, and a white man named Coners became involved in a quarrel concerning a lot in the town of Texarkana. The quarrel resulted in a fight. Cromwell was determined to have his revenge and attempted to outrage Mrs. Coners. The shrieks of the lady attracted the attention of several persons. The villain had torn nearly all the clothing from Mrs. Coners, and would have accomplished his hellish purpose but for the intervention of some persons attracted by the shrieks. The negro was arrested and incarcerated in the Miller county jail. The spirit of indignation grew until

A BAND OF AVENGERS

was organized. On Sunday morning about half-past 1 o'clock the band marched to the vicinity of the jail. On halting, four men advanced for the purpose of quietly demanding the key from the jailer. During the early part of Saturday night the sheriff of Miller county, having good cause to believe that an attempt would be made to hang the negro, secretly removed him. Not knowing this, the four men started as above stated for the purpose of securing the jail key. When within a few yards of the jail a party of negroes rose from behind the fence and demanded a halt. The white men did not obey the command and the colored people opened fire. The reserve force of whites hurried up and a general engagement began. The whole town was thrown into a state of confusion. People from every direction rushed to the scene. Some of the men were nothing but a shirt and carried only a shot-gun, so eager were they to join in the defense of a principle. The reinforcements received by both parties and the increased firing lent to the affair the din of a military engagement. A large division of the colored forces was behind a fence near by. They did not dare to show their heads, and, if they fired at all, it was done in an excited determination to make a noise. The other division, uncovered by fortifications, suffered. Occasionally a wild yell would announce the effect of a shot.

A CHARGE ON THE NEGROES.

A charge was ordered in the white ranks by some one who nominated and elected himself to the command of the sanguinary expedition. The old war yell was raised. The colored people stood for a moment, fired spasmodically, then broke ranks and fled. The fugitives were followed and occasionally one would drop down. The cry of "There he goes," would be followed by a volley of shots. It was impossible to ascertain how many had been wounded, as no doubt several were slightly wounded and were able to leave the scene of the engagement. Five colored men were left on the field. Three of them, it is said, cannot recover. None of the white men were injured.

On Sunday night the situation again assumed a warlike aspect. A large number of colored people from the surrounding country, and especially from the Red River bottoms, marched to town. A plan seemed to be arranged, for they met and organized near the outskirts of the city, on the Arkansas side. The leader of the band declared that before morning the entire part of Arkansas Texarkana would be burned. When it became known that the colored people had organized, a demonstrative movement was noticeable among the white people. The hardware stores were crowded. He who did not have a pistol, biblically speaking, seemed to be willing to sell his raiment and buy one. Armed men took possession of every corner, awaiting a movement from the colored quarters. Thus the night wore away. When the morning came the colored people were not to be seen. They had gone away with the darkness. The excitement, however, was not quelled and the people were determined to hang Cromwell.

Yesterday information was received to the effect that the white people, learning that Cromwell was secreted near the railway, not a great way from the city, selected a party of men, who went to the railroad round house, demanded an engine, and going out to where the offender was secreted hanged him. Quiet is not yet restored, and it is very likely that considerable blood will follow before the colored people can be quieted.

How a Driver Cleared the Way.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A lady and a gentleman were standing in the roadway in Third avenue, at 117th street, on Thursday afternoon, waiting for a car. A truck, loaded with boards, came toward them. Neither of them noticed it. The driver, although he looked straight before him, and must have seen the pair, made no effort to avoid them. The horse struck the gentleman on the shoulder and knocked him down. The driver still did not rein in his animal, which was about to trample over the prostrate man, when the lady grasped the bit with both hands, and, letting her full weight hang upon it, brought the horse to a standstill. The gentleman, regaining his feet, attacked the driver with his cane, but the lady and bystanders, interfering, restrained him, and the truck drove on.

A FAMOUS FEMALE.

A Thief From Her Childhood up—As Charming as Venus, and as Tricky as Satan—An Exciting Life.

[With Portrait.]

One of the most notorious female blackmailers and "crooks" in this or any other country, is Mrs. Sophia Lyons, alias Kate Sylvan, alias Kate Korundle. Her recent escapade under the last alias at Jackson, Mich., in which she had three prominent citizens in tow, was detailed in a previous issue of the GAZETTE. Her life has been one series of adventures. Although now a woman of about thirty-eight years of age, she hardly appears more than thirty. She is petite in form, dark complexion and moderately plump; and with her large and lustrous hazel eyes and dimpled cheeks, possesses a countenance that is more than ordinarily attractive. These gifts, coupled with her natural intelligence, conversational powers and general knowledge of things, and a modest taste for neat and refined dress, made her just the kind of woman who would be apt to lead astray even the most guarded men. It appears that her real name by marriage, is Sophia Lyons, nee Levy, with as many aliases as there are months in the year, has been a thief ever since her ninth year, her mother having taught her to steal at that tender age, and the same thing may be said of her three sisters. In fact, the whole Levy family were known as thieves. When quite young she married Ned Lyons, a puglist and "crook." Her husband is well known to New Yorkers, he having engaged in a fight with the well-known "Reddy, the Blacksmith," in the course of which one of Lyons' ears was partially bitten off by his antagonist. Both man and wife were arrested several years ago in New York on a charge of robbery, and sentenced to a long term at Sing Sing. One day, about a year after their incarceration, the warden of the prison drove up to the door in a sleigh, leaving it standing at the door. Lyons, who was in the office of the prison at the time, coolly picked up the warden's cloak and hat as he threw them down upon a chair in the office, put them on, entered the sleigh and drove away. Nothing was heard of him for a week or thereabouts, when Mr. Lyons again made his appearance, and, by some means known only to himself and the officials at the prison, succeeded in getting his wife out of prison, and together they started off in search of

NEW FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

They finally turned up in Montreal, where they resided for a long time. Both man and wife associated with the best families, and were highly respected. He was known as a broker and dealer in Government bonds, and in the transaction of his business made frequent visits to this country, but avoided arrest until 1878. During that year both man and wife again visited this country, and in the summer months the agricultural fairs in different portions of the state were visited in succession and thoroughly "worked." While thus engaged they were again arrested, this time on a charge of picking pockets. When searched by the arresting officers, over \$13,000 worth of United States bonds were found secreted about the person of Lyons, but they were subsequently attached for debt (probably by a pal). Lyons was immediately taken to Sing Sing, where he is now serving out his unexpired term. Sophia, by some means best known to herself, succeeded in preventing the officers at the prison from identifying her, and made her escape. She immediately returned to Montreal, and while there assaulted the daughter of the chief of police in a horse car, she having overheard the young lady speak of her (Sophia) in a disrespectful way to a female acquaintance with whom she was riding at the time. For this offense she was again arrested, but given her liberty on condition that she would leave the city. She then visited in rapid succession the cities of Toronto, Detroit and Buffalo, occasionally making visits to different parts of the country, where, it is safe to presume, she plied her chosen vocation vigorously. During the year 1879 she was in New York, where she met her boy, who, by the way, she had previously placed in a college at New Orleans. The boy, having run away from college, she had him arrested and taken before the Jefferson Market police court, requesting the judge to send him to the Reform School. This so enraged the boy that he told the presiding judge who his mother was, and informing him that at the time she was in the cities of Montreal, Detroit and Buffalo she had large quantities of stolen silk concealed in her house, and that parties would frequently come to the house, look it over and discuss the best plan to

ACCOMPLISH PROJECTED ROBBERIES.

Finally, some of the visitors told the boy's mother that he knew too much, and she sent him away. While her son was telling this story his mother commenced weeping bitterly, and informed the Judge that she had been a thief since her ninth year. During her long and remarkably successful career she has traveled in Europe, and was a daily visitor at the Vienna Exposition, her escort being a well-known Boston merchant, who, captivated by her fascinating manners, and suspecting nothing wrong, was her escort to all the large stores, and while he was totally unconscious of what was going on she, it is reported, was stealing silks and all kinds of valuable goods, in addition to picking pockets whenever an opportunity offered itself. The gentleman referred to did not find out for years afterward who his companion was at that time, and then he was informed by her husband in New York city.

During her career she has had eleven children, five of whom are now living. Two daughters are now being educated in a convent at Montreal, her oldest son is at college in New Orleans, while her two youngest children are now at her home in the West. Whatever may be said against her, she has been an

indulgent mother to her children, providing liberally for their every want. Indeed, she is reported to have said to an officer some time since that she was ready to die at any time, as her children were all right.

A noted blackmailing game of Sophia's was an attempt to blackmail a wealthy young man on the very night of his marriage. She engaged herself as governess in one of Cincinnati's most wealthy families, and by her urbanity and graceful manners won the esteem of the whole household. On the night of the marriage of a daughter of the family to the gentlemen in question, Sophia went in her night-dress to the library, and upon the bridegroom going there to get a book, she made herself

VERY FAMILIAR WITH HIM.

He tried to resist her advances, whereupon she threatened to charge him with impropriety should he not pay her \$1,000. He refused, and, on trying to get out, she threw him on the floor, screaming loudly and startling the whole household. The young man was, of course, caught in a very embarrassing situation, which was made doubly so when Sophia deliberately charged him with attempting to commit a heinous offense. The result of this devilish work was that the young man and his bride were separated. Soon after Sophia, under the name of Lucas or Lewis, tried to blackmail a prominent and wealthy citizen of Cincinnati in one of the most fashionable hotels in the city. In this case Sophia dropped the man's clothes out of a window, but he would not pay \$5,000, but, instead, had her arrested. Sophia had her mug added to the rogues' gallery, but soon jumped her bail and disappeared, as in Boston. Her next appearance was in St. Louis, where she made love to an old and wealthy merchant in his wife's absence in Chicago. She fleeced this man out of a neat \$3,000, which he paid very willingly. Her last, and one of her most notorious jobs, was attempted a short time since at Jackson, Mich., where she appeared under the name of Kate Korundle. She first met with success with a wealthy broker, with whom she often appeared on the street, exciting general attention by her fine figure and dress. A man named Peck, a leading banker of the city, was smitten with her appearance, and sought an introduction from the broker, which was given. For several days and nights the banker, broker and Sophia held high orgies, in the midst of which she tore up the curtains and damaged other furniture because her supposed victims would not give her a cool thousand each. Both men soon repented of their folly, especially the banker, whom Sophia followed to his residence. She got in the habit of sitting on his steps to wait for his coming, and was finally one afternoon assaulted and driven off by his son. The latter was arrested and paid a fine of \$40 for the alleged assault, whereupon she instituted a suit for \$30,000 damages against him, which suit is now pending in the Michigan courts.

Taken all in all, her career has been an extraordinary one, and the result of the trial—if there is one—will be looked for with a great deal of interest.

THE THICK-HEADED CUSS

He Ever Laid His Eyes on—An Intelligent Witness. Who Told All He Knew, and a Good Deal More.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him sick," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer sternly. "Now sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," yelled the lawyer.

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the Court make the—"

"I have, judge, said the witness, anticipating the lawyer; "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy two feet long and a man five feet ten—"

"Your Honor—"

"It is a fact, I'm under my oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer arose, placed both hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this Case—his name's Smith."

"Your Honor," howled the attorney, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness," said the judge, "You must answer the questions put to you."

"Land o' Goshen, judge, hain't I bin doin' it? Let the blamed cuss fire away, I'm ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly replied the witness.

"What! Wasn't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian. Nary one of us was ever friends—he's an old line Baptist, without a drop of Quaker blood in him."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Stand down."

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up—"

"Sheriff, remove that man from the box."

Witness retires, muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headed cuss I ever laid eyes on."

A Lively First Night.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Net and Pet Woods of Marian Ohio, warned their father that if he took a second wife they would exterminate her. He disobeyed. The girls armed themselves with revolvers on the night of the marriage, broke open the door of the bridal chamber, and fired several shots into the darkness. They missed their step-mother, however, and slightly wounded their father.

MUSCULAR MAULERS.

Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan at Last!
Meet in the Ring at Collier's
Point, West Virginia.

A DESPERATE, HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

The Plucky Ex-Champion of England
Wilt Under the Hard Blows of
the Troy Giant.

A BADLY MASHED COUPLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Though few people believed that the mill arranged to be fought between Paddy Ryan, the giant of Troy, N. Y., and Joe Goss, the sometime champion of England and America, would ever come off, it has been fought out with a fierceness that is unexampled in the annals of the American prize ring. After the Canadian fiasco, when the friends of the two fighters were scared nearly out of their boots by the array of red coats which were called to the aid of the Dominion sheriff, and the subsequent desertion of Goss by his backers, it was thought impossible to bring these two pugilists together when, undisturbed by officers of the law, they could pummel each other out of shape and wind. But on June 1st they came together at a place so near the line between Pennsylvania and West Virginia that it would be hard to determine in which state the mill was fought. The spot selected was near Collier's Station, in West Virginia, and in the same place where Ned O'Baldwin and Jem Mace met but did not fight, and where the battle between James Campbell and Harry Hicken was interrupted by a riot. But nothing serious interrupted this brutal encounter and eighty-six rounds were fought in one hour and twenty-seven minutes, resulting in a victory for Ryan, who wins the title of champion of America, together with \$2,000.

When the principals left Pittsburgh they went to Steubenville, O., leaving there for the battle ground before daylight by railroad. Many of the friends of each of the contestants accompanied them on the train, but the majority of those who assisted in breaking the law as spectators went to the field in carriages from Steubenville. On the way there were upsets and fights innumerable, and many were the bruises received before the ring was pitched. A freight train on the railroad came thundering along and almost ran down a half hundred of those going to the fight. The train, however, was stopped in time to prevent any accident, and many limbs are left sound to do hard work in state prison, where the larger number of those at the mill have already served terms. These accidents on the road served as safety valves, and all the dangerous steam being left off, the crowd, was in exceedingly good humor when Charles Johnson, the stakeholder, ordered the ropes and stakes to be pitched.

It was a beautiful morning, and not a fleck was in the sky as the sun rose with its gold and purple following. It was warm, however, but heat does not interfere with a prize fight as it does with a sculling match, for the men who fight in rings are, like three nobler beasts which run upon the turf, all the more ambitious for the warmth. It took more than hour for the ring to be prepared, and in the mean time a West Virginia sheriff appeared, and, addressing the crowd as "gentlemen," warned them not to fight, as the Governor of West Virginia would order a requisition for the arrest of all who were present as participants or spectators. But the sheriff was laughed at, each person present knowing that he was too valuable a political striker to be spared from his home at this time, even though a dozen governors might require him. The Sheriff was then invited to take a drink, which he did, and no further trouble was feared.

At 5:20 A. M. Ryan, who had never seen a ring before, appeared, and twenty minutes later Goss came, clad in his fighting costume. Ryan immediately, wearing a big overcoat over his fighting clothes, a red silk handkerchief around his throat, shield his Derby hat into the ring which he entered. He seated himself on a chair and said: "This is my first appearance in any ring, and I rather feel glad to meet Goss, and see what I can do." Goss boldly entered the ring, and Ryan, arising with a smile on his face, saluted his antagonist, who, with much courtesy, returned the greeting. The men then began to strip for the fray.

Ryan was dressed in Canton flannel breeches with a green scarf about his waist, and had on flesh-colored stockings, with laced shoes with spikes in the sole. Goss wore a white silk scarf, a horsehoe being in the centre and a star in each of the four corners, and bows of green ribbons in his stockings. Nearly half an hour was wasted in selecting a referee, and there was some fear that a failure to agree would spoil the expected fight. Arthur Chambers, of the Goss side, insisted on Roach's naming some one. After several names had been mentioned, Schell Fairchild, of Pittsburgh, was suggested, and he promptly accepted. Steve Pine acted as umpire for Ryan, and an unknown officiated for Goss. The referee ordered the men to get ready, and the toss for corners was won by Goss. The men threw off their wraps and were stripped to the waist. Both looked splendid.

Ryan is a giant, with muscles of iron and long, active arms. Goss was a marked contrast to Ryan, being a much smaller man, but when the fight began he looked the prize-fighter every inch.

First Round.—As the men squared away, they eyed each other savagely, both looking confident. They feinted and sparred cautiously for an opening five minutes, and not a blow was struck. At last Ryan let go both his left and right, sending in sledge-hammer blows on Goss's left cheek and nose, and Goss was thrown a back-heel lock. Time, 11 minutes.

Second Round.—Both men were breathing heavily. Ryan forced the battle in earnest. It was desperate work, and Goss was fought down in half a minute.

Third Round.—Goss was elastic, and had a jaunty air. He got in a stinger on Ryan's nose, and the latter countered, when Goss fell. Time, 1 minute.

Fourth Round.—As Ryan rose in response to the call, it was seen that his left eye was swelled and heavily draped in blue. There was a fierce rally, and Ryan let Goss have a blow on the cheek. Joe dropped to avoid punishment. Time, ½ minute.

Fifth Round.—They responded to the call, and after hard fighting, in which both men were thoroughly pounded, Ryan, by his superior wrestling powers, sent Goss to the ground with a heavy thud. Time, ½ minute.

Sixth Round.—Goss punished Ryan terribly, and fell smiling. Time, ½ minute.

Seventh Round.—There was fast fighting and first blood was claimed for Goss and allowed by the referee. Time, ½ minute.

Eighth Round.—The fighting was sharp, Goss having two teeth knocked out, but Ryan's left hand was cut in a fearful manner. Goss fell. Time, ½ minute.

Ninth Round.—There was desperate slugging by both pugilists, Goss having the best of it. He began to show his science on Ryan. Time, 1 minute.

Tenth Round.—The fighting was very hot; both men were on their mettle, and they pounded each other's faces cruelly. Goss stuck to his work, and for the time threw Ryan by a cross buttock heavily on his back. Goss was greeted with three cheers. Time, 2 minutes.

Eleventh Round.—Both hit and slashed away like bulls at a matador, and a foul was claimed to the effect that Ryan had struck Goss when down. The referee looked at his watch and said, "Fight on." Time, ½ minute.

Twelfth Round.—Goss gave Ryan two or three stinging blows, and bit the dust to save himself. Time, 1 minute.

Thirteenth Round.—Repetition of No. 12. Another claim was made that Ryan had fallen on Goss's neck with his knee. Referee, however, decided no foul.

Fourteenth Round.—After lively sparring Ryan got in a stunner on the nose of Goss; square knock-down blow. Time, 1 minute.

Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Rounds.—Nothing remarkable in either; Ryan sending Goss down in succession, and Goss taking it easy to save himself from punishment. Time, 5½ minutes.

Twenty-first Round.—There were several exchanges of blows and terrific fighting all over the ring. Ryan clinched, and, after a short tussle, threw Goss. Time, 1 minute.

Rounds Twenty-two, Twenty-three, Twenty-four and Twenty-five.—In these Goss got in heavy body blows, his favorite points, Ryan returning with tremendous force on the mouth and receiving severe "jawbreakers" in return, immediately followed by others somewhat lighter. Then followed brisk exchanges, the last of them generally bringing Goss down. The rounds last 4 minutes.

Rounds Twenty-six, Twenty-seven, Twenty-eight, Twenty-nine and Thirty.—Both were out of wind, but Ryan's seemed fresher. He tried to put Goss left, but Goss always got away. Goss then advertised making heavy straight hits, but striking short, and was every time sent to grass by ugly blows from Ryan. Time, 5 minutes.

Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Rounds.—Goss's friends cheered him and encouraged their man. But Ryan hit hard on the left side of Goss's nose and face, which appeared to be literally split in two. The blows always struck Goss to the ground. Time, 6 minutes.

Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Rounds.—Ryan showed the greater distress, and, to the surprise of all, when Goss was cleaned and sponged, he showed the least punishment. The fight looked plainly Goss's, and \$100 even was offered on him. Ryan led off with a severe rally, ending in each round in Goss's getting down as best he could. Time, 5 minutes.

Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, and Forty-fifth Rounds.—Up to this time the old war horse, Goss, had had the advantage, but he now gave evident signs of distress. Ryan, although badly beaten, freshened with his punishment and struck fiercely and with tremendous force, the last blows falling badly on Goss's face. Time, 4½ minutes.

Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Rounds.—Both men came up eagerly leading off left and right, each succeeding in planting heavy blows on the other's face and body which made blood flow in abundance. In each round Goss got cunningly down. Time, 6 minutes.

The rounds from the fiftieth to the sixtieth consisted of good exchanges and body blows. In the last round Goss caught a smacking cut on the cheek, which brought him to the ground. Time, 4½ minutes. In the rounds from the sixtieth to the seventieth both were fatigued and suffering very much. Their heads looked like butcher blocks, and it was a sickening sight. A number of spectators, hardened villains though most of them were, turned away from the ring. Ryan advanced in the last of these rounds, and mutual blows brought both to the ground. While they lay thus, Ryan, with a smile and good-natured remark of "Put it there, old fellow," heartily shook hands with his antagonist. Time, 4 minutes.

The rounds from the seventieth to the eightieth were manifestly in the favor of Ryan, whose blows went heavily in, while Goss, from his exhausted state, gave shoves instead of blows. Time, 5 min-

utes. In rounds from 80 to 85, both stood ready to spring. Goss gazed upon Ryan weakly but gamely. These rounds were terrific examples of desperate fighting, the last ending in Goss falling to the ground heavily. Time, 1 minute.

Eighty-sixth Round.—Goss came to the scratch obstinately. Ryan, by a severe cross right hand counter blow, instantly knocked Goss down, Goss falling on his knees. Arthur Chambers and Billy Crowley claimed foul, amid great excitement, but it was not allowed.

Referee Fairchild called time, but Goss, by the advice of his friends, failed to respond, and the referee declared Ryan the winner, amid tremendous excitement. The time of the battle was 1 hour and 27 minutes. When it was over, Goss acknowledged to the reporter that he was fairly beaten.

Coming back from the fight there was a severe row on the train, in which nearly fifty men engaged. Pistols and other weapons were used, but no one was killed.

Dipping the Sinners.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a season of wetting in the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday. Mr. Talmage doing the honors of the occasion. Eleven women and six men were the subjects, and their immersion in the tank, however solemn its purpose, was not devoid of the usual ludicrousness common to that divine rite's traditions.

The first candidate for submersion was a fair young girl, not so very young, but supposed to be quite young enough to appear a charming bride for the church. She appeared to realize this fact, and had arrayed herself accordingly. She wore a graceful fitting dress of merino, of a light greenish cream color. Her hair was neatly braided, and her feet were clothed in white slippers. She stepped forward with a saintly look upon her face, but when she felt the cold water permeating her clothing she caught her breath involuntarily, and seemed a little alarmed. Mr. Talmage took her hands in his left, and clutching her behind the neck with his right, couched her under the water and pulled her up, with a sweet smile extending from ear to ear, while the lady spluttered and gasped as the water streamed down from her clothing, which clung to her most affectionately—so affectionately, indeed, that Mr. Talmage grabbed wildly at the hem of her skirt and pulled it away from her form. This he repeated in every instance, while Col. Corwin stood by to throw wraps around the newly-washed, taking good care, however, that no water should fall upon his highly-polished boots. All the rest were dressed in black, but their immersion was very varied. One strapping big woman gave the holy ducker quite a wrestle, but he brought her safely to the surface, and the audience looked as if they wished to applaud. A pretty little woman was badly frightened, and lay trustfully in Mr. Talmage's arms even before the baptism. Afterward she more than lay, and had to be literally carried out of the holy bath. One old woman looked as if she was about to weep, and was quite a troublesome customer to get under the water. A seraphic-looking damsel, with striped stockings, required an extra grip to pull her out, while a tall girl, with a short dress and flesh-colored hose, did not get her face under the water at all. As she went out of the tank Mr. Talmage almost pulled the skirt of her dress off in a wild effort to hide her rather large ankles. An old maid looked as if she rather liked to have the minister's arm about her, and a fat old lady looked frightened when Mr. Talmage exclaimed, "How many families are represented here!" She had not only her sins washed away by the immersion, but also her chignon, which certainly did not look any better as it hung dripping over behind her left ear.

They Want To Vote.

[Subject of Illustration.]

If persistency on the part of the strong-minded leaders of the women's rights movement will avail anything, then it is safe to assume that in the course of a couple of hundred years, or thereabouts, the feminine portion of the population of this "great and glorious" republic will be given the boon of suffrage. During the past week at Chicago, while everything political has been at fever heat, the representatives of this movement have been on hand working as hard as the rest of the schemers to carry their little points. Not expecting that they will be granted the privilege of voting for the presidential candidates this coming fall, they have been intent on laying pipes for the some time accomplishment of that purpose, and this is to be brought about by the insertion of a plank in the Republican platform recognizing the right of women to take part in the affairs of the nation. To bring about such an end, they have been busy in the corridors of the hotels at which the statesmen were stopping, buttonholing first one and then the other, accompanying this occupation by persuasive arguments, highly seasoned with those little arts to which the politician's nature is so susceptible. But, marvelous to state, the statesmen were obdurate, and the fair pleaders failed. They should not be discouraged, but should remember that nothing great was ever accomplished save through perseverance, and whenever the opportunity presents should "try, try again."

A Female "Crook."

[With Portrait.]

Mrs. Betsy Robinson, alias Estelle Tripp, is one of the most notorious of the many female thieves who infest the territories of the far west. She is supposed to be from the east, and the authorities no doubt wish she would return. She has been connected with James Tripp, a famous thief, and with him has traveled all over the west, working the large hotels and whatever other field presented for their peculations. Large rewards are offered for her arrest, but she manages to escape capture.

NOT A SPARK

Of Humanity Left—A Wanton's Heartless Conduct With Her Offspring—A Mild Way of Committing Murder.

STEUBENVILLE, O., May 29.—When a woman once enters upon a life of sin, she gradually becomes more and more depraved, until at last she is capable of committing any crime. A case of a very revolting nature, on account of the cruelty and inhumanity attached to it, has happened in this city. One of the abandoned women who hold forth here—in company with another female, she conducts an establishment known as the "White House," located on Adams street—about two weeks ago gave birth to a female child, whose father was generally conceded to be one of our young business men. The father did not deny his child, but on the contrary took great pride in it, and was very anxious for it to live. He told the mother to take good care of the child, and he would assume all expense incurred in rearing it, but she became so depraved and heartless that not one single spark of love was in her bosom for her innocent offspring, and her sole desire was to get rid of it as soon as possible. In order to accomplish her object she refused to nurse it at her breast, and procuring a nursing bottle fed it on cow's milk. This sort of nutriment did not agree with the child, as it passed through it immediately after being taken, and after a few days nothing would induce it to suckle the bottle. The poor child would be in its heartless mother's lap crying from hunger and would attempt to crawl up to her breast, but she would push it away, and day after day she sat stolidly by and watched her child slowly starve to death, its piteous wails not making the least impression on her. The only excuse she offered for her inhumanity was that "she was not going to let the brat pull her all out of shape." The father seeing the child gradually sinking, and not realizing the cause, went to one of our prominent physicians and requested him to call and see it. The physician did so, and immediately discerned what was the matter, and told the mother that the child did not need medicine, but unless she gave it nutriment from her breast it would starve to death. Still she continued to act the part of a heartless monster, and after lingering for about one week in agony the child died and was buried.

The physician who called upon the child at the request of its father stated to your correspondent that it was an unusually healthy and well-formed infant, and there was no reason in the world why it should not live if the proper nourishment had been given it. He was very indignant about the matter and in very strong terms said the case should be investigated by the authorities. We regard it as a deliberate, heartless murder, and call upon our officers to arrest the perpetrator and mete out to her the punishment she so richly deserves.

LENA'S LOSS

Of a Precious Jewel—A Strange Story of a Girl's Downfall and the Peril of a Lustful Man.

Several weeks ago Miss Leonora Martin disappeared from her home in Milwaukee, Wis. No trace of the missing girl could be found, and at last she turned up in the hospital under an assumed name. While at the hospital Lena gave birth to an illegitimate child, and it was this circumstance that made it necessary for her to come to the justice's court in Milwaukee and reveal herself. The individual who is charged in Lena's complaint with being the father of her child is John Scheurel, a man of forty, with a family of several grown-up children. About four months ago his wife died, and it is said that he was soon to be married again.

He is a man of considerable wealth, having property to the amount of \$50,000. On his being called to answer to the complaint made, Scheurel denied that he had seduced the girl. He acknowledged, however, that he had "fooled" with her while at the Union Depot eating-house, in that city, but that had been all. In order to compromise the matter, however, and induce Lena to withdraw the suit, he offered her \$200 in money, which was refused. He was held to answer the charge of seduction, and the great scandal has caused a booming sensation.

Alleged Malpractice.

Quite a sensation was occasioned at Burlington, Iowa, on the 27th ult., by the arrest of Dr. August Shultz on a charge of causing the death of Mrs. Paul Raier by an overdose of medicine. Not only street rumor but subsequent medical examination, under instructions of the coroner, seems to substantiate the fact that the unfortunate woman died from the effects of a dose of medicine supposed to be croton oil. Dr. Shultz seems to be an illiterate quack, who, without diploma, has been for nearly two years practicing medicine and selling a so-called medical compound which he claimed would cure all ailments. He was called to prescribe for Mrs. Raier, who was troubled with acute rheumatism, and applied his compound externally. He called again Tuesday evening and again applied his compound and administered internally eight drops of another medicine. Shortly after his departure the woman was taken violently ill, vomited incessantly and seemed to suffer great pain. She lingered in the greatest agony till 1 o'clock at night, when she died. The coroner's verdict was in accordance with the above facts. Dr. Shultz is under arrest.

RHODE ISLAND has the following statute: "All marriages between a white person and a negro shall be absolutely null and void; and the person joining them in marriage shall be subject to a penalty of \$200." Samuel D. Dorrell, a full-blooded negro, was lately married at Providence to Ellen Carrington, a white girl. The Rev. George H. Smith, who performed the ceremony, is to be prosecuted, in order to test the law.



DIPPING THE SINNERS—DR. TALMAGE PLUNGES A NUMBER OF THE DAMSELS OF HIS CONGREGATION INTO THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BATH-TUB, AND AFFORDS HIS CONGREGATION A LITTLE EXHIBITION OF HIS SKILL IN MANIPULATING THE FEMININE FOLM IN THE WATER.—SEE PAGE 7.



NO, STEPMOTHER FOR THEM—TWO GIRLS BREAK INTO THEIR FATHER'S BRIDAL CHAMBER, AND TREAT HIM AND THEIR NEW-MADE STEPMOTHER TO A SERENADE OF BULLETS; MARIAN O.—SEE PAGE 6.



SHAKING DICE FOR A WIFE—TWO RIVALS TO THE HAND OF A YOUNG LADY DECIDE WHICH SHALL CALL HER WIFE BY STAKING THEIR CLAIMS ON THE THROW OF THE DICE; NEAR LARAMIE CITY—SEE PAGE 8.



A GORY GLUTTON—THOS. O. THURSTON, AN ACQUITTED MURDERER, ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE D. R. ANTHONY, POSTMASTER OF LEAVENWORTH, KAN., MISSES HIS AIM, AND WOUNDS TWO OF THE BYSTANDERS.—SEE PAGE 3.



THE MATINEE "MASHERS."

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM—MIDNIGHT SCENES AND NOON-TIDE PHOTOGRAPHS—HUMAN WOLVES WHO PROWL ABOUT PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN GAUDY AND UNPAID-FOR APPAREL SEEKING TO DESTROY MAIDENLY VIRTUE—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING, WITH AN ACT NOT IN THE PROGRAMME, AND MANY OTHER THRILLING INCIDENTS WHICH THE INQUISITIVE READER WILL LEARN ALL ABOUT ON PAGE 14.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.]

NEW YORK'S HARD CASES

Their Peculiarities and Haunts Described—A Tough Street and Tough Residents.

PUBLIC HOUSES AND THEIR PATRONS

Bounty-Jumpers and Bounty-Brokers

—Noted English Chop-Houses—

Harry Lazarus, the Jew Boxer

—His Killing of Meccacho

and Getting Badly

Wounded—Horri-

ble Death of

Lazarus.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GANG.

One of the most noted characters of Houston street was a youth known by the name of Dick the Rat. He made his living by cleaning out hotels, stables, feed and flour stores, granaries, &c., for which he was sometimes paid as much as \$50 a night by the proprietors, and afterward sold them to the owners of rat-pits at ten cents a pair. People owning ratting dogs would drop in to try their pups, and were charged ten cents each; so that there is quite a flourishing trade carried on even in rat flesh. What becomes of their dead carcasses the sausage-makers and soup-houses might be better able to say than the writer.

Dick the Rat would often bag a hundred of a night, and the following amusing story is told of one of the up town police captains' experience with Dick and his vermin. Having bagged his game, he was coming down to Harry Jennings' to dispose of them, when two policemen hailed him. Dick feigning to run with his load of live stock, he was ordered to stop on peril of being fired at. Dick had no alternative, and, bag and baggage, he was marched to the nearest police station. The astute captain sat like a "Dogberry" behind his desk, and the officers proceeded to tell of their great prowess. "Shut that door," ordered the captain. "Now," said he to Dick, who put on a terror-stricken look, "empty out that bag!" Dick protested in vain, and threatening to club him if he didn't, the old-fashioned New York boy unlocked the running string, and out jumped about a hundred huge rats all over the station house. Such a scampering and mounting of desks and chairs was never seen in that shanty, the rats, like a second plague of locusts, covering the floor and flying about in all directions. "Why in h— don't you open that door?" shouted the captain, but fully half of the rats had found hiding places before the door could be pulled open. They would like to have clubbed Dick, but were glad to order him out of the building, and since then before bringing him in the officers first give the bag a rap with their clubs, and when the squealing of the captured rats is heard Dick is allowed to move on unmolested. When any one wants to get that particular captain mad they have only to ask him when he last arrested Dick the Rat; then it was wise to get out of reach of his club.

After the mysterious murder of Jimmy Carroll, the pugilist, who was "found dead," according to a wiseacre New York jury, paid \$2 a day for their wisdom, when the fact was he was waylaid, assaulted, and then thrown down an area, Houston street became a little more noted. The assassination of Harry Lazarus by Barney Friery, and the fatal injuries received by McGuire in a rough-and-tumble fight on the same street—viz, between Broadway and Crosby street—gained for it the name of "Murderers' Block," which will stick to it.

Lazarus kept No. 12, and called it the X-10-U-S. Rocky Moore and Barney Friery kept next door, No. 14, and their crib was designated the 10-40 Loan. Opposite these dangerous places were three others equally so, kept by Dick Hollivood, Jack Dwyer and Mike Norton, alias Crow. Hollivood became one of being chief of police in Indianapolis, Ind., a year or two ago, while Norton rose from a City Father to a State Senator, and fell from that to selling rum again, which is not singular for New Yorkers, as when in prison or supping wine at Delmonico's they appear equally at home.

The five riotous dens named are all patronized by bounty-brokers, bounty-jumpers and gamblers, who couldn't be kept out if either of the landlords felt so disposed. They spent their money faster than sailors, and when broke were "put through the borax" once more, the broker taking out what percentage he chose from the jumper. These professional brokers and jumpers traveled from town to town, enlisting in one, getting the cash, and then jumping the train en route to Washington or running the blockade of the guards—sometimes known to be in collusion. A good jumper could go through at least twice a week, and when as high as \$600 was paid for recruits, the business they did was almost as good as being an A No. 1 six-day-go-as-you-please pedestrian. Occasionally they were nabbed, sent to the front or shot; but the temptation was strong, and lots filled the places of those who dropped or were shot out. Most of the brokers made high onto millions, but it is a question if one out of a hundred has a dollar of it left, and more than

one—Pete Riley, alias Charcoal, for instance (who, in conjunction with Theo. Allen and Jack Hughes, picked up a fortune each in one day enlisting men in Hoboken, New Jersey)—actually dying in rags and filth in the gutter; many wearing the prison garb, and the balance satisfied to look out for "sleepers" around a "faro bank," or live on some prostitute.

In strange contrast, but very convenient to the down-town theaters of twenty years ago, there existed contemporaneous with the haunts elsewhere alluded to, three of the most famous English ale and chop-houses in the country, the Higham brothers, James and George, both celebrated cricketers, the first named the most popular and famous wicket-keeper, and the latter the best batsman of their respective time, kept a cozy resort called "The Office," over Mike Norton's cellar. Next door, over the Hollywood drive, Harry Clifton, assisted by his brother Charley, had his celebrated "Clifton Shades," where English dishes were made a specialty, such as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, tripe and onions, Welsh rabbits, with imported ales, Shandygaff and Yorkshire "stings" to wash it down. The walls were lined with choice paintings and scarce, quaint engravings, while an open grate fire blazed up the house and served to toast the shins of the young and old, who steadily patronized the old house at home.

On the corner stood the House of Lords under the premiership of Harry Sharp, a leading cricketer, too. These three places of refreshment were conducted on similar principles, very well patronized and all their proprietors on the most friendly terms. It was no uncommon thing to find merchants, detectives and thieves all putting the good things under their vests at any hour of the afternoon or evening, perhaps known to each other, perhaps not, but on hobnobbing terms with the proprietor.

The sons of John Bull when in foreign lands are what we call clannish, and take more pleasure in their ale and toasted cheese, served up by a publican in a "Shades," than they would at Delmonico's upon the choice morsels of the season, and this is why the "Office," "Shades" and "House of Lords," Harry Gribbons, Jemmy Massey's and Izzy Lazarus' were filled by them. The visitors who quaff the malt foam or sip the ruby from crystal or pewter were a different breed of dogs. They were your slye and bull-terriers, while the others were pet black-and-tan or Italian greyhounds, Brown stout and a Clay pipe, and the style you'd see among the real "fancy," as they were the regular type of your Tom and Jerry school, who love life, and that a merry one. On the walls of the "Shades" hung pictures illustrative of steeplechasing, fox-hunting, winners of the Derby, while the haunts of the buffers were ornamented with photographic faces of Deaf Burke, Jem Ward, Nat Langham, Ben Caunt, Sayers, Heenan and other heroes of the ropes and stakes. In addition you would find lithographs representing battles in the ring, stuffed bulldogs in glass cases and pictures of renowned pedestrians.

The Highams were merchant tailors before becoming publicans, and are both dead. Harry Sharp kept a stained glass emporium, and is also gathered to his fathers. Harry Clifton was a blacksmith, and is still hale and hearty, as also is his brother, both keeping chop-houses further uptown.

Opposite the House of Lords was a saloon kept by Frank Pigeon, noted for nothing especially, only a favorite resort of a class of men who lived by their wits, principally, if not entirely.

"The Gem," named after a once noted sporting resort, kept by Chris Schaffer, thirty years ago, opposite the old City Hospital and next door to the old Broadway Theatre, in the days of John Collins, Charles Matthews, Forrest, Celeste, Pyne, Harrison, Eddy, John R. Scott, the Placides and others, all of the olden times, stood on the third corner. It was a basement with private supper-rooms and a low dance hall attached, and was kept by Bill Clarke, a man of muscle as well as a sharper.

Clarke was a versatile, jovial fellow, who came to this country to train Australian Kelly for his fight with Price, having been a pal of Jim Kelly in the old country. Kelly lost the battle, and went first to cider-making and then to tanning leather in Jersey, while Price became a barrister, and as such carries on a lucrative business around the Tombs, the Italians and Chinamen believing him to be the greatest lawyer of the age.

Clarke was as much at home as a comic singer, or at the grand piano, as with the gloves, and his shindigs were all the rage, much to Harry Hill's discomfort, as he up to that time monopolized the sofa-lounge trade and check-apron balls.

Jack Bath, an old-fashioned English bruiser, ran a gin-mill next to Clarke's, but, with the Professor, was soon brought to grief by the mysterious influence of Harry Hill at police headquarters. An officer named Grogan was laid out in Houston street by some unknown ruffian, who was probably more of a hanger-on at Hill's than anywhere else. It would not do to pull Hill's place, though; so, without a moment's warning, Clarke's and Bath's were raided, and every mother's son of them who happened to be in there taken to jail. Sleepy John Williamson, a Southern shoemaker, made the raid as police captain of that precinct, and while Barney Osborne, the judge, was compelled to discharge all hands, Clarke and Bath found Houston street too hot for them, while Hill kept there, and migrated to California in company with Harry Lazarus. Clarke subsequently came back, but old Jack Bath died in Nevada, as did also their friend, Harry Gribbons, an old opponent of Ned Wilson and Joe Coburn.

On the fourth corner of Houston and Crosby streets was a tumble-down Dutch grocery, where those who didn't believe in paying Hill ten cents for a pony of beer could get a schooner of the same beverage for a nickel. Next to Hill's was a French hotel, and a few doors above that, on the opposite side, next door to an assignation house, a building occupied by the Sisters of Mercy, so that pretty much every class was represented in the five short blocks. We have referred to Jim Colbert, the king of the "queer sellers," who was Clarke's successor after Hill's being instrumental

in getting Clarke out of his way. Colbert not only being an Englishman like Hill, but a crackman also, had every reason to fancy himself safe. True, Bill Clarke and Harry Hill were "brothers" of a certain order, but Harry did not let that stand in his own light when the all-potent "lucre" was the incentive—he could afford to cover up his flaming emblems like a well-disciplined Metropolitan, his shield under like circumstances. Jim Colbert had a fighter's sign on his frontispiece—a broken nose—and had a hard "phiz" generally. He hired a bar tender named McCabe, and still retaining the bait, or a place for the strumpets, he soon got all Clark's patrons back, and also caused H. R. H. English Harry to turn his green eye in that direction. "Houston street is mine," Hill used to say. "Doesn't it cost me many a dollar to keep in with my friends, the police, and why should I tolerate a rival? Colbert must be got rid of like Clarke."

The proper time arrived. Counterfeitters and counterfeit-shovers were spotted, watched and worried to such an extent that Colbert finally skipped to Canada, with curses on his brother coachman's head as the cause of all his trouble, being all broke up. Colbert had to stay away a long time among the close-fisted Kanucks, not the kind of company he liked, and when he came back gave Harry Hill and Houston street a wide berth. Colbert settled in Philadelphia, keeping a fighting-men's resort and doing a little "queer" trading on the quiet, although supposed to be in the secret employ of Chief Wood, the spot "queer shovers." Be that as it may, Colbert was finally juggled himself, sent to prison, which completely settled him, as he died soon after being released, breathing his last in New York city from consumption.

Before being put away, which Colbert always said was a "plant" or conspiracy, he owned considerable property in the neighborhood of the Athletic Base-Ball Grounds in Philadelphia, had retired from business, kept his fast team and lived like a fighting-cock. Whatever it was it does sometimes happen that honesty is the best policy in the long run. Colbert's property was eat up in law expenses and he died penniless.

Before Harry Lazarus started in the whisky business he had been promoted from a private to a Captain in the Fire Zouaves under Colonel Pony Farnham. Upon his honorable discharge he went to California. While looking on at the fight between McGraw and Daily, September, 1863, a free fight ensued, and he was shot in the breast. After Harry's pistol had been shot from his hand and he had received his wound, he coolly picked it up, took deliberate aim, and shot his assailant, a Mexican named Meccacho, dead on the spot. He returned to welcome the Empire City, and opened the X-10-U-S, at No. 12 Houston street, now kept by Matt Grace, the wrestler.

All the members of the school got along harmoniously enough except Friery and Lazarus. Whether the former was jealous of the latter's reputation as a fighter, or of his doing a better trade, is not exactly known. Certain it was, Harry Lazarus was a "darling" in the use of his fists, which no Barney Friery could ever expect to equal. It was also a potent fact that Harry was English and Friery was Irish, so that both could apply the epithet of G—English, or Irish, and so, as the case might be. Whatever it was, Friery couldn't stomach Lazarus, and took every opportunity to insult or annoy his next door neighbor, backed up by certain roughs and gamblers whom Barney oftentimes fed, clothed and staked, for in those days he had lots of rocks.

At one time Friery hired (or was a party to it) parties to coax a handsome Newfoundland dog belonging to Lazarus into 10-40 Loan's blood-thirsty saloon, where most of the poor dumb brute's teeth were pried or knocked out. This cowardly and atrocious act was overlooked or smothered in the breast of the gallant pugilist, which indifference only aggravated Barney all the more.

He next, with a gang of roughs, took a reckless bull-dog sort of a fellow, named Jack Drumgold, a professional scrapper, into Lazarus' saloon, and, going up to Harry with a \$100 note in his hand, shoved it under Lazarus' nose, with the remark: "I'll bet yer this century this fellow can lick yer rough-and-tumble in yer own house, and yer darzen't take it up, you English son of a b—h!" Lazarus had a party of his friends there, too, and, with his unflinching bravery replied that he had no quarrel with Drumgold, and wished no trouble with anybody, but if he came for fight and would go with him alone in the back room he would accommodate him for fun. The proposition was so fair that even Friery and his companion, "Squealing Jack," could not object. Lazarus and Drumgold then left the party, locked the door and went at it like two bull-dogs. In a very few seconds Drumgold was laid out, when Harry returned to the bar-room, saying: "I guess he's got enough for to-night. You'll find your great fighter inside." The Friery party, as soon as Drumgold came to, left, muttering threats of revenge as they sought the street.

On the eve of the fearful Lazarus murder, January 2, 1865, things were unusually lively around Houston street, and the manly, generous heart of the young pugilist beat in high spirit. As husband, father, son and friend, Harry was a universal friend except with the crowd next door. About four o'clock on the morning of the 3d of January a sleighing party drove up to No. 12 and got out; Barney Friery was one of the number, and when Lazarus recognized his deadly enemy he turned pale and serious. Friery, drunk as he was, noticed the change in his countenance, and going up to Harry extended his hand and said, "Harry, you and I have had a difference for some time; now let us shake hands and be friends." Harry at once replied, "Agreed!" and he held his hand out for the purpose in good faith, when Friery suddenly drew an immense carving-knife from up his sleeve, drove it deep into the unfortunate little fellow's neck twice, completely severing the carotid artery, and then with fearful curses dashed out of the house. The assassinated

youth—for he was but twenty-six years old—staggered forward a few steps, the blood deluging the floor, and fell dead. Those in the saloon were paralyzed at the suddenness of the whole transaction, and in the confusion Friery, with his knife dripping in Lazarus' blood, jumped into the sleigh and was driven off at a speed which made it useless to think of any one giving chase—if any one had possessed the necessary courage.

A general alarm was issued to the various Police Stations to send out all the detailed men and detectives to look for the murderer, with a description of his appearance and dress. This prompt action secured his capture by Officer John Dwyer. When arrested, he was in company with James Clark and James McDonald in a lager beer saloon at Morrisania. The two parties above named were in Friery's company when the murder was committed; also Jack Gillon, alias "Squealing Jack," of California. The arrest was about 4 o'clock P. M., of the day of the murder. Friery's party expected to be able to put him on a Boston train at a way station, from which city he would sail for England, which he might easily have done, for there was no cable to head him off on the other side in those days. When captured, Friery asked the officer if Lazarus was dead, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, said, with the characteristic venom of his race, "Then I'll dance at the wake."

The murder was such a cowardly, cold-blooded one that when Friery's trial came on scarcely a man outside his counsel cared to be known as his friend in the matter. He was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree, and was hung on the 17th of August, 1865, in the prison-yard of the Tombs, the executioner being George Isaacs. Friery labored under the delusion that John Morrissey had, at a late day, gone to Albany to gain the Governor's clemency, but when Captain Coulter, then Warden of the Tombs, did go there, he found that not a soul had been near the Governor upon this matter. The law, therefore, had to take its course. That Friery was run-crazy when he committed the murder none will deny, but sooner or later one or the other's life-blood must have been shed, only it came sooner than was expected. The dead boxer's father, Izzy Lazarus, also a noted pugilist, but a good husband and father, swore he would not cease his relentless fury upon the murderer of his darling boy until his dastardly assassin was hanged. After that Izzy used to say, earnestly: "I can make my peace for the next world!"

Friery never expected to be hung, and, like most people in prison, expressed regrets at the occurrence which left the widow, mother, father, brothers and sister in irreparable sorrow.

Izzy Lazarus lived about two years after he had his wish gratified. He left a widow, one daughter and three sons.

Harry was the best by all odds of the family, and was as generous as the day was long. Nearly ten thousand people filled the neighborhood from where he was buried, viz, No. 233 Centre street, a sporting house, then kept by his father. Harry's original business was that of a sign-painter, at which he was quite an expert. When but a child, he and his brother Johnny were perfect wonders in the use of their hands, and before they were ten years of age—or, rather, when Harry was ten and Johnny was eight—they had the honor of sparring before Napoleon III. at his Palace in the gay French Capital.

OBITUARY.

Died at his Prison Residence from Strangulation—A Cool Murderer.

Henry Hamlin, the convict who murdered Night Watchman Shipman, at Westfield State Prison, in 1877, was hanged at the County Jail in the city of Hartford May 28. The murder was a cold-blooded affair, Shipman being shot down during the attempt to escape made by Hamlin and another convict William Allen, who, for complicity in the affair, was tried on the same charge as Hamlin, but received only the sentence of life imprisonment. The Legislature was petitioned to commute Hamlin's sentence, but refused, and the recent attempt to obtain a new trial, on the ground of newly discovered evidence, was a failure. Hamlin has exhibited wonderful composure during the last two or three days preceding his execution, and had apparently been quite reconciled to his fate. His spiritual adviser, the Rev. Father Hughes, had been a frequent visitor, and was confident that Hamlin died repentant. A mass for the dying was said at the jail. The condemned man slept little during the last night, spending his time principally writing and conversing with those watching him. He partook of a light breakfast and conversed with friends until the hour for the hanging.

The scaffold was in the jail corridor, and Hamlin walked to it from his cell with a firm step, supported by his spiritual advisers. He made a short speech, saying that he never had an intention of harming his victim, and that he forgave all those who had done anything against him. From this time until the drop fell he kept his eyes turned up, and his lips moved in prayer. He showed no evident weakness to the very last. The fall was nearly six feet, and the noose not being adjusted as tightly as was intended, the knot slipped around to the back of Hamlin's neck, causing death by strangulation. It was an easy death, however, all muscular movements ceasing after the lapse of the first minute. In fourteen minutes the pulse ceased to beat, and ten minutes later the body was taken down and delivered to the Rev. Father Hughes. The burial occurred within an hour afterward. No experiments or use of the knife were permitted, but the physician decided, on examination, that death resulted from cerebral apoplexy. The real name and past history of Hamlin are known only to the priest, who keeps the matter secret, at Hamlin's request. An illustration of Hamlin's mercenary character is furnished in a letter from him to the GAZETTE, offering to sell a history of his life by himself. He thought it would be interesting reading. What a man so near the gallows could want of money, is a problem.

HER SAY.

Mrs. Christianity Has the Last Word.
Ike is a Bruiser and a Boozier—She
is the Pink of Perfection—A Racy as
Well as a Bitter Quarrel.

Senator Christianity's bill setting forth his claims for a divorce from his wife were recently published in the GAZETTE. Mrs. Christianity now puts in her counter allegations, and shows that, taking one consideration with another, they were a very unhappy couple.

It will be remembered that when the bill was filed by Mr. Ingersoll, (Mr. Christianity's counsel), Mr. Oliver, (representing Mrs. Christianity), immediately withdrew it and the contents were kept from the public.

Mr. Christianity's bill, after stating the fact of the marriage in the city of Washington, February 8th, 1876, by Rev. Byron Sunderland, avers that he (Christianity) has been a good and faithful husband, and that there has been no issue born alive of the marriage. He charges that on or about the 25th of December, 1879, at the St. James Hotel, Mrs. Christianity committed adultery with a person who registered his name as Edel Giro, of New York, and that she had committed the same offences with other persons since she left her husband in November last in Peru, and that he has not condoned the offence.

MRS. CHRISTIANITY'S ANSWER

admits the marriage; denies that the plaintiff has at all times kept his marriage vows with her; on the contrary, she avers that she is constantly suffering pains and is permanently injured in bodily health by his cruelty. She avers that she has been a faithful wife, and denies the allegations of adultery.

She also files a cross-bill denying the charges of infidelity, and cites them as evidence of his cruel conduct against her, and then narrates the following:

"In March, 1877, the defendant, at Lansing, Mich., struck me with his clenched fist and

"KNOCKED ME DOWN."

"In August, 1878, at Healing Springs, in Bath county, Va., Mr. Christianity wrote or caused to be written a letter whereby a conspiracy was attempted to be formed to place me in a false and suspicious position in regard to one or more of the male boarders at said springs, with a view to destroy my character. On the 28th of December, 1878, at 411 Fourth street, Mr. Christianity struck me with his clenched fist and knocked me against the door of the room. In September, 1879, at the American legation, in Lima, Peru, while drunk, he said, 'If I had a revolver I would blow your brains out now,' choked me, and so treated me that I was compelled to leave the house, and when I went back again Mr. Christianity walked up and down, uttering oaths and imprecations, and when I said I would leave the house, he answered, 'Go, I want you to go,' and pushed me out of the room. I was then compelled to go to a hotel, but returned the next day upon Mr. Christianity making humble apologies. About a month later he assaulted me while in bed, making use of the most disgusting language, and when I ran into the sitting-room he followed me and choked me, and declared that he would

"CHOKED ME TO DEATH."

She further says that fearing great bodily harm she left Peru and came home, since which time she has not seen Mr. Christianity, but has received most abusive and insulting letters from him, and that he has contributed nothing to her support, although Mr. Christianity is in receipt of a salary of \$10,000, and is the owner of large real estate, and that she has been compelled to borrow money to pay her passage home and to support herself since. She adds: "There has been no issue born-alive of this marriage, but she avers that she is now suffering great pain in consequence of the willful neglect of Mr. Christianity to provide necessary medical attention during two periods of premature birth, and that she is permanently injured owing to such cruel neglect." She prays divorce, alimony, temporarily during the pendency of the suit and permanently after the divorce.

The court fixed Tuesday next for a hearing upon the motion for temporary alimony and counsel fees. On the specific charge of Mrs. Christianity's adultery with Edel Giro, on Christmas day last, testimony will be offered, it is stated, to show that Giro visited Mrs. C. at her mother's residence, and she afterwards was with him at the St. James Hotel. Mrs. C. will deny that there was any infidelity on her part. Although the petitioner's counsel claim that they will be able to make out their case on this charge, some of their witnesses will be unable to prove that Mrs. C. was the woman in the case, the description given of her being entirely unlike Mrs. C. as to stature, build, color of hair, &c.

FIVE MEN IMPLICATED.

When the plaintiff's friends had determined that they had a case and would advise the commencement of proceedings, it was understood that the term adultery at "divers times and places with parties unknown" referred to no less than five of such parties—one a resident of Mobile, two of New York, one of Hartford and one of Baltimore. It was a matter of surprise to those knowing of this that only one name was used. The respondent would have preferred that all the alleged cases had been set out, that they might have been met altogether. It is now understood that should Mr. Christianity fail in the Giro case, he will file a supplemental bill as to some of the other parties. Mrs. C. claims that she will be as ready to successfully meet any such charge as she is to meet the present case. Should there be any supplemental bills filed here will, of course, be answers filed, and if reports be true, there will be some sensational counter charges made. In the hearing on the cross bill a let-

ter will play an important part. This letter, it was alleged, was sent from this city in 1878 by a party who has been working in the interest of Mr. Christianity to the postmaster at Harling Springs enclosing a sum of money to get up a picnic, with a view of getting Mrs. C. in a questionable position with one of the parties who Mr. C.'s friends charge has been with her during the past winter. The motion for alimony, which will come up on Tuesday next, it is understood, will not be resisted by plaintiff, and the counsel are mutually agreed as to the amount of the same, also the counsel fees; and further, it has already been agreed that the case shall be referred to Mr. B. G. Lovejoy as examiner to take the testimony.

A FAITHLESS WIFE.

She Repeatedly Abandons Her Husband for Other Men, and Finally Becomes the Inmate of a Bagnio—The Husband's Despair, and Attempt at Suicide.

[With Portrait.]

The depth of despair to which love and infatuation for an undeserving woman may ultimately bring a man was fully exemplified last week in the probably successful attempt at suicide of John E. Tillotson, an operator on the Board of Trade of Chicago, Ill., who was well known and respected for his many good social and business qualifications.

The tragic affair has underlying it a thread of domestic pathos that is all brought to light, or rather will be, should Mr. Tillotson's willful attempt at self-murder prove successful. As usual, it begins with the mother-in-law and ends with the degradation of the wife, and the complete demoralization of not only the household, but the entire neighborhood in which the principals reside. Husband, the true victim of the plotters, saw fit to finish the disgrace by a sad tragedy. He is not greatly blamed for his act by either his relatives or those at all conversant with his affairs; they only regret that he did not have the foresight to see that he alone was the innocent one, and that he did not have the fortitude to cast off his marital relations, and begin life, as it were anew. The story of the manner in which he was driven to despair is quite sensational in many points, and especially the suicidal act itself is of

THE MOST SENSATIONAL CHARACTER.

Early in his career Tillotson fell in love with a young girl by the name of Plinkham, and shortly afterward married her. For a year or more everything passed off lovely enough. There were occasional jars and clashes, but not more than occurs when a family changes its habits of life, as Mrs. Plinkham thought fit to do. Nothing appeared to be too good for either her house, her attire, or that of the children, and she generally made it a point to live as well as she could. Some months after a little daughter was born to the married couple, quarrels began to be more frequent. These finally culminated in the wife, Emma, running away from her husband and her mother, and this she has since done on five different occasions. She generally remained absent a week or two, and nearly always brought with her the infant daughter. Not only that, but she was in the habit of taking with her every piece of jewelry, clothing or household goods upon which she could raise a shilling either in the pawnshop or second-hand store. She never returned until the proceeds were all gone, and she was virtually compelled to return for support of herself and child. About five weeks ago she ran away for the fourth time, as usual taking everything with her. A day or two later she wrote a penitent letter, and said she was on the way to visit Tillotson's people at Iowa City. A brother of Mr. Tillotson saw her and her paramour in the cars at Watseka, and they did not go to Iowa City, but to Southern Illinois. She returned after an absence of about ten days. Her husband condoned her offense as usual; he had not heard of what his brother saw at Watseka, and she was received back at home. About two weeks ago Mr. Tillotson returned home earlier than usual, and while lounging about the house a messenger called with a note addressed to his wife. The note is said to have

BEEN FOR AN ASSIGNATION.

The troubles of the couple continued to increase, and it was finally discovered that Mrs. Tillotson was in the habit of visiting a well-known house of ill-fame in the city, and there entering into the shameless ways of the inmates. When this fact became known to her husband he became furious with grief, and at last determined to put himself out of the way by suicide. Going to his room he took his revolver, and standing before his mirror to insure an accurate aim, he shot himself in the head. It is thought that he cannot possibly survive.

ONE MORE FOR THE CENSUS TAKER.

Lizzie's Trouble, and Who was the Author—Bitter Fruit.

ELYRIA O., May 28.—Lizzie Ferguson, a buxom young lass of eighteen summers, living in Sheffield Township, this county, now comes forward and charges the son of a wealthy farmer, one Herman Fields, with being the author of her misfortune. She alleges that during last November and December she worked for his father, and one night, by his persuasively powers and oily tongue, when all were asleep, led her from the path of virtue, and she therefore prays that arrangements may be made whereby the innocent cause of the trouble may have a father and means of support.

And about the same time in the year was enacted another side scene just known to the public, it being that of an ignorant servant girl of Amherst Township, by the name of Ellen Hurlbut, who claims that a gay and festive lad named Almer Riden, who by the way is quite a masher, from Erie County, did on the 9th day of November, at the hour of 12, escort her home from a church social held in Vermillion, and while meandering, brought up at an old shop, where the mischief was done, and for which she now asks the Court to make him pay the penalty.

THE MARYLAND SCANDAL.

An Affair Which is Very Mysterious—Is it Blackmail, or Did the Hon. W. J. Aydelotte do the Deed?

SNOW HILL, Md., May 31.—Last December great excitement was created in this neighborhood by the arrest of the Hon. William J. Aydelotte, of Pocomoke City, Worcester county, a member of Governor Carroll's staff and an elder in the Presbyterian church, on the charge of having assaulted Mrs. Eleanor Polk, the comely wife of a shoe dealer of Pocomoke. The details of the affair were published in the GAZETTE at the time. The people hereabouts were incredulous as to Mr. Aydelotte's guilt, for he was a man of spotless reputation. He declared Mrs. Polk's charge an effort at blackmail, but she persisted in it, and after a preliminary examination the case was turned over to the Criminal Court, and Mr. Aydelotte was held in \$2,000 bail. The case was opened this morning, and Mr. Aydelotte elected to be tried by the court. The first witness, Mrs. Sarah E. Polk, being sworn, testified that she was forty-two years old, and lived at Pocomoke City last October, the last of which her husband moved to Philadelphia, and she remained at home. On the 1st of November she sent for William J. Aydelotte to come and see about preparing writings for the rental of her husband's farm. On the Monday following he came and

TALKED WITH HER

about the writings. He said he would bring them in on Saturday. On that day he came again in the afternoon in relation to selling some lumber, and asked for a copy of some writings he had drawn the previous year. The witness was sitting in the sitting room with a sick child in her lap, and got up and started through the hall to the parlor to get her satchel containing the papers needed. She got the papers and gave them to him. He read them, and promised to again bring them in on Saturday. He started to go, but stopped to caress the little girl. As witness went to open the door, he toyed with her earrings and said, "You are looking mighty young with those earrings." The witness said she said: "You have no right to talk. You are wearing gold buttons, and I am not so old if I am twice married."

Thursday, continued the witness, he came in again; said he wanted to see the old writings again. She got up and went into the parlor to get them. As she was coming out with her satchel she met him coming in the parlor door. The parlor was darkened, and the witness stepped across to a window and opened the blinds. Mrs. Aydelotte took the papers and started to go. Just as he neared the door he turned and said, "Goodby, Mrs. Polk," proffering his hand. She held out hers. He took it, squeezed it, held on to it.—But she reproved him, and he said he had traveled a great deal, had been to Baltimore and had never

MET ANY ONE HE LOVED

so much as Mrs. Polk. This compliment, Mrs. Polk said, did not reconcile her to him, and she told him he must never attempt such a thing again or she would tell her husband. The following Saturday he called again and after he had transacted his business she ordered him out of the house because he wished to shake hands. On the following Monday or Tuesday he went to see Mrs. Polk again, and finding her putting on a pair of boots asked her if she had seen a stray pair of gloves. Before she had answered he changed the subject and said that he only wanted the gloves as an excuse to see her again. After manifesting his desire to see Mrs. Polk in a manner not pleasing to her, she again ordered him out of the house, and again threatened him with her husband. Mrs. Aydelotte soon afterward called on Mrs. Polk and spent half an hour. After she left Mr. Aydelotte appeared, and attempted to renew his former advances. On December 2 he went to the house, and going down on his knees begged her to forgive him, saying it was too bad for an old man sixty-three years of age to make such a fool of himself over a woman. He recalled the fact, however, that David fell in love, and begged the witness not to say anything about his conduct. She, however, refused to promise anything, and said that she would leave it for Mr. Polk to settle.

This was the story Mrs. Polk told on direct examination. Mr. Handy conducted the cross-examination, which was not concluded when the court adjourned, at 5 o'clock, but her evidence was not materially changed in the re-telling of the story.

WHO WROTE THE LETTERS?

As Big a Puzzle as the Whittaker Business—The Old Maids Excited Over Racy Reading—And the Young Ladies Indignant.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa., May 29.—A town celebrated for having more old maids to the square foot than any other town in Pennsylvania; a town where gossiping old women are thicker than the leaves in Valambrose, where tea parties and scandals are perennial, is jumping up and down and rubbing its hands together, so to speak, over a new scandal which is considered grand so far as it has gone, and which promises to be the subject of talk for a long time to come, and will probably in the end reach the courts. This scandal first exhibited itself through an infamous poem implicating a professional man and one of the young ladies of the town who was suspected not to be as Caesar's wife as regards virtue. Bitter tears were shed by some well-known worshippers of the golden calf over their folly in accepting invitations to a wedding, which they longed to attend, sent the evening previous to the wedding, and which was not discovered to be bogus until the wedding was over and the presents gone.

The sender was certainly a promising rival of the late lamented Eugene Fairfax Williamson. A number of the prominent young damsels are said to have received anonymous letters bestial in their filthiness. Irrate fathers and brothers employed a great deal of bucolic detective ability, which finally resulted in the

conclusion that a certain young merchant of this town, who has been married for some years, was the author. This has led a big brother to bring up articles of impeachment before a society of which he was a member, and developments are promised from this source, and a visit to the United States Court for using the mails to send obscene matter is threatened. On the other side of the case it is alleged that the young ladies referred to went considerably out of the way to taunt the wife of the accused upon the fact that Providence had not seen fit to bless the accused and his wife with those pledges of affection generally given to people rash enough to indulge in the luxury of matrimony, and that the young ladies, feeling guilty of this indelicacy, naturally directed their suspicion in this quarter. We are promised rich developments as soon as the matter is disposed of in the society, with a full ventilation of the matter in the courts in suits for sending obscenity through the mails, for false imprisonment and for slander.

MYSTERIOUS DOUBLE MURDER.

A Frightful Scene of Death in a Farm Cottage—A Fiendish Crime.

HARTFORD, Conn., May 31.—A terrible double murder was perpetrated yesterday in Avon, thirteen miles westward from Hartford, and, the victims being the sole members of the house, it was not discovered till this morning. The scene of the tragedy was the old John Chidsey homestead, near Avon Centre, and the victims were two aged widows, Mrs. Emily Chidsey and Mrs. Marie Avent. They were in comfortable circumstances, and although past seventy were robust and had no housekeeper or companion. A neighbor calling this morning discovered Mrs. Chidsey stretched upon the kitchen floor, cold in death, and lying in a pool of blood. An old carpet was thrown over her. In the dining-room was the blood-stained axe with which she was struck, the blow having made a terrible gash, and fractured the skull to the base of the brain. Her aged companion was found also murdered in a bed in the attic. She had gone up there to read her Bible that quiet Sabbath afternoon, and had fallen asleep, the book and silver spectacles lying upon the bedclothing. On a chest near the head of the bed rested the instrument of death—a tailor's goose—weighing eight or ten pounds. Upon its sharp edge were traces of blood, and the two blows had fractured the skull. A careful search of the premises proved that the object was not plunder; articles of some value lay around untouched.

ORIGIN OF THE CRIME.

The local theory of the tragedy is that the purpose of the murderer was to silence the two old ladies while he secured their wills for destruction. These wills bequeathed property aggregating not over \$10,000, in lands and money. They were made in March last. A Mrs. Ridgeway, a niece of the two old ladies and a woman of dissolute habits, spent the winter with them and left there in April, a month after the wills were made. Originally she was given in the documents a small sum and a home whenever she chose at the old homestead. After being made it is said that the wills were altered. Shortly before leaving she made threats against Mrs. Chidsey, and expressed an intense feeling toward her. With the will destroyed she came in equally with other heirs. With them in existence she would receive little, and perhaps nothing. The murderer appears to have been somewhat familiar with the premises. The woman is not suspected, but it is a matter of town gossip to-day that she had reason to incite the crime by some man desperate enough to do anything to win or hold her favor. Such is the theory broached, and the only one, but it may be valueless. There is little to support it, but in the absence of any other it is very generally accepted. The Ridgeway woman alone appears to have had a motive, and she is the only one who is known to have had any unpleasantness with the two kind-hearted old women, whom every one in the neighborhood respected and esteemed. She is described as a woman of vicious habits, bad temper and reckless ways, and has used her relationship to obtain with them a home when financially embarrassed.

A Coroner's jury was summoned, but without taking any testimony adjourned for a week to await further developments. No clue to the murderer has been obtained, and at this time the affair is a complete mystery.

The Gunnison News is responsible for the following story: "Several years ago a man who lost everything but his dog in stock speculations in New York, came West accompanied by his dog, of course. After running around in this State for a while, he finally pitched his tent near where Leadville now stands. 'Inexorable fate'—and the dog still pursued him. Owing to the high altitude, perhaps, and the meagreness of his fare, poor Tray had to succumb, and the sorrowing owner consigned the body of his faithful friend to mother earth, marking the spot with a stake driven deep into the soil. Years rolled by, bringing at last the great carbonate excitement of Leadville. The unfortunate man bethought him of the lonely sepulchre of poor old Tray in the far away carbonate deposits of Colorado. He came back and found the 'stake,' which prospectors had respected as marking a 'claim' and now spends his time at first-class hotels drinking mint juleps.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Our favorite of the footlights this week is Miss Emma Hoffman, a lady who has walked into public favor with the aid of a good voice, excellent talent and a handsome face and figure. Miss Hoffman has been before the footlights for some time, and has won for herself a reputation of which she is justly proud. She has appeared in all of the principal theatres throughout the country, and never fails to win recognition and applause.

**William E. Harding, Sporting Editor
National Police Gazette.**

[With Portrait.]

William Edgar Harding, the subject of our sketch, is thirty-two years old, having been born in Canada on June 6th, 1848. His father was a Canadian and his mother of Irish descent. Since childhood he exhibited great powers as a pedestrian, and has always been a lover of this sport. While at school he was noted for arranging running and walking matches among his schoolmates, many of whom continue their early sport and keep up the friendship formed many years ago. Mr. Harding is well known in sporting circles all over the country as an accomplished and thorough athlete, and has been made famous through his various exploits. From 1863 to 1869 he was the champion runner from one to ten miles distance, and also held the championship as a fifty-mile walker up to the month of January, 1879. He was competitor for the title four times, winning three trials. As a bicycle rider Mr. Harding has attained the highest place, being acknowledged as the champion for three years, respectively—1870, '71 and '72. Since 1867 he has been the sporting editor of the New York Daily and Sunday News, whose columns are regarded as a high authority on all sporting matters, and embrace all the athletic sports of the day. He has been a correspondent of the Boston Herald and Globe and the Philadelphia Item, and has furnished valuable articles to all the papers he has represented, having witnessed every prize-fight since 1868, and was in many cases the referee in important running races, wrestling matches and prize-fights. Mr. Harding's knowledge of field sports gives him a forward position as a journalist, while his experience as an athlete is unsurpassed if not unequalled. The following are some of his most notable contests in the athletic arena since 1871:

August 17, 1871.—Fifteen-mile bicycle race between William C. McClellan and W. E. Harding at Empire Rink, New York. McClellan won. Time—1 hour 6 minutes; Harding, 1 hour 7 minutes.

August 30, 1872.—Harding won second prize in four-mile walk at Deerfoot Park, L. I., William Brown coming in first. Brown's time, 32 minutes; Harding second, 32 minutes 40 seconds; William Kilbride third, J. Healy fourth, William Jarvis fifth.

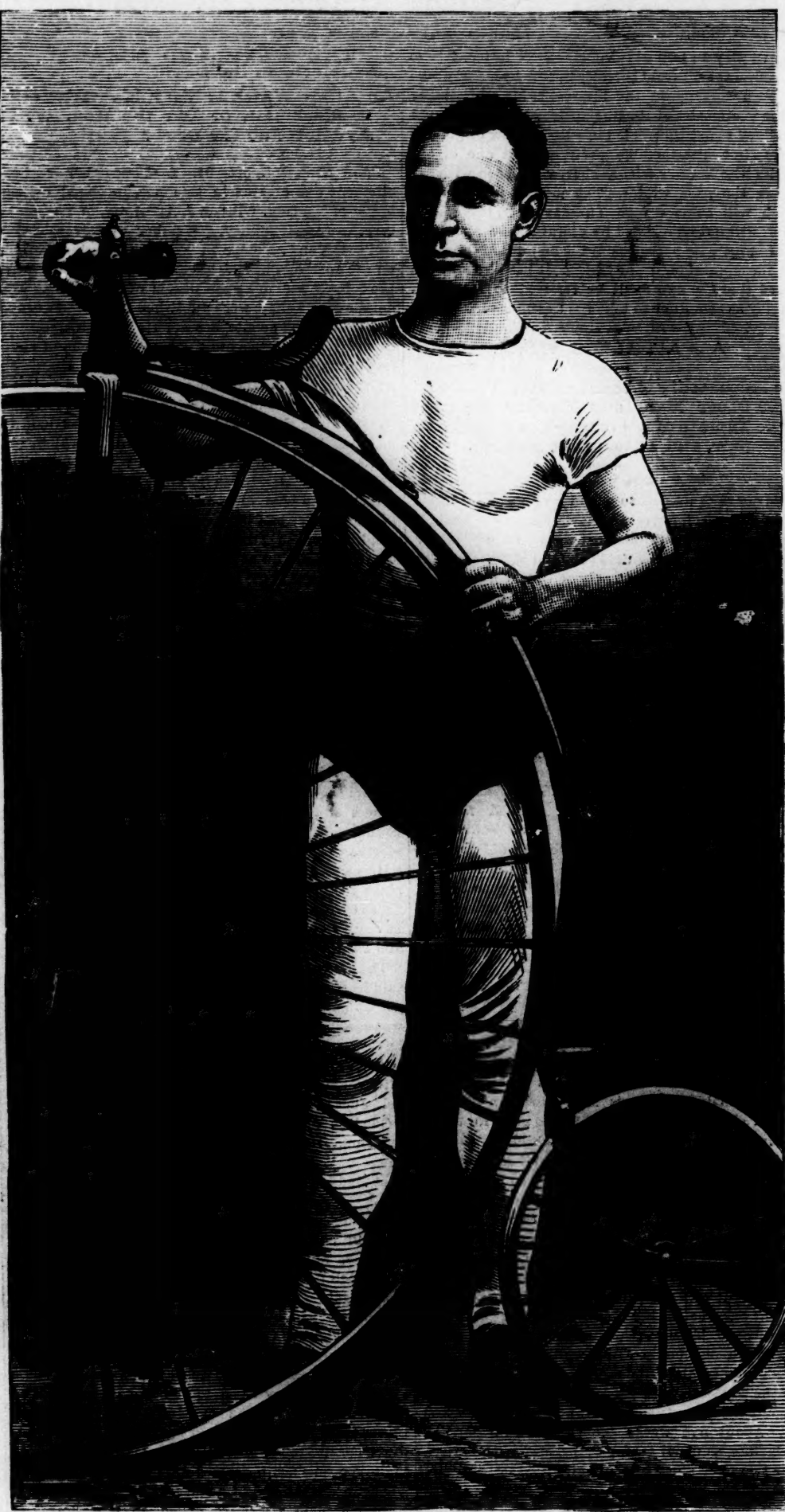
At Middletown, N. Y., August 31, 1872.—W. E. Harding defeated James Adams in a half mile heats walking. Adams won the first in 3 minutes 28 seconds; Harding won the second and third in 3 minutes 28½ seconds and 3 minutes and 34½ seconds.

At Deerfoot Park, August, 1873.—W. E. Harding defeated William Cassin, James Adams and H. W. Jarvis in a half-mile walking match heats for champion medal. He was last in the first heat, but won the second, fourth and fifth. Time—3 minutes, 30 seconds, 3 minutes 29 seconds and 3 minutes 14 seconds.

On November 29, 1874, Harding was matched to walk Edward Mullen, of Boston, four miles for \$500 and the championship of America. The race took place at Beacon Park, Brighton, Mass. In this race both Mullen and Harding made wonderful time. Harding won by a few yards after one of the most closely-contested contests ever witnessed. Time—31 minutes. Fastest mile, 7 minutes 4 seconds.

On May 20, 1875, Harding was matched to beat the time made by Mr. James Gordon Bennett in his race with Mr. John Whipple, for \$5,000, from Thirty-eighth street to Jerome Park. Mr. Bennett's time was 1 hour 46 minutes 59 seconds. Harding had to walk the distance in 1 hour 31 minutes. He lost, by the roads being in bad condition. Harding walked the distance, 11 miles, in 1 hour 37 minutes 34 seconds. His backer doubled the stakes to \$500, and on June 19, 1874, he again made the attempt, and covered the distance in 1 hour 28 minutes.

On December 5, 1875, Harding allowed George E. San Garde, an English pedestrian, 10 minutes' start in a walking match from Jersey City to New Brunswick, a distance of 34 miles. Harding won, and covered the distance in 6 hours 30 minutes.



W. E. HARDING, CHAMPION FIFTY-MILE WALKER, BICYCLIST, AND SPORTING EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

On March 10, 1875, P. T. Barnum offered Harding a purse of \$150 if he could walk 50 miles in 10 hours 30 minutes. In the same race he allowed Mile. Lola Parrshall, of Rochester, 20 miles' start. Lola covered the 30 miles in 8 hours 28 minutes, and Harding won the purse offered by P. T. Barnum by walking the 50 miles in 9 hours 38 minutes.

Harding then challenged any man in America to walk 50 miles for \$500 or \$1,000. No one accepting, he was matched to walk 100 miles against George B. Coyle. The race took place at the Empire Rink, New York. Coyle walked 78 miles, when he gave up. Harding walked 79½, and won the race.

At Elm Park, July 4, 1875, Harding won a one-mile walking match against eight competitors. Time—7 minutes 58 seconds.

On August 16, 1875, he won second prize in a two-mile walking match, at Jones's Wood, being beaten by Edward Wigzell.

At Hempstead, L. I., August 27, 1875.—Harding won a one-mile champion medal in a walking match, mile heats. He came in last in the first heat, but won the second, third and fourth heats. Time—7 minutes, 26½ seconds, and 7 minutes 54 seconds, and 7 minutes 55 seconds.

On October 1, 1875, Harding challenged William Perkins, the English champion, or any man in England, to walk 50 miles for £500, a home and home match, one to be decided at London, the other in the United States. Perkins stipulated that one should be walked in Canada, and the other in London, which did not suit James McCloud, Harding's backer, and the match fell through.

On December 18, 1875, Harding was defeated in a five-mile bicycle race for the championship by Professor McClellan and A. P. Messinger. On December 17, 1875, Harding was matched to ride a 26-hour bicycle race against A. P. Messinger for \$500 and the long-distance championship. Messinger won, beating Harding by two miles.

In May, 1876, Harding entered the long-distance international tournament at Chicago. He led the twelve competitors for 50 miles, and after walking 76 miles retired from the track with blistered feet.

On March 27, 1877, Harding defeated J. W. Stubbs, of Brooklyn, in a fifty-mile walking match for \$500. The race took place at Gilmore's Garden, New York. Harding allowed Stubbs one mile start. Harding gained the mile after walking thirteen. On the thirtieth mile Stubbs gave out. Harding was three miles ahead. Harding walked the 33 miles in 6 hours 22 minutes 18 seconds.

Harding then rode a five-mile race against William De Nolelle for the championship. The race took place at Gilmore's Garden, New York, November, 1876. De Nolelle won in 19 minutes 4 seconds. Harding 19 minutes 4½ seconds.

Harding then defeated De Nolelle in a three-mile race for the championship. Time—11 miles ¼ seconds; De Nolelle, 11 miles ¼ seconds.

In a five-mile contest between William De Nolelle and Harding the former was again victorious. On December 7, 1876, Harding then issued a challenge to ride any man in America a twenty-five mile race for \$500 or \$1,000 and the championship, but no one accepted the challenge.

At Rutland, Vt., on April 10, 1878, Harding defeated Christopher Rice for \$500 and the fifty-mile championship of America. Harding won. Rice gave out at 40 miles. Harding covered the first 10 miles in 1 hour 30 seconds; 25 miles in 4 hours 30 seconds; 50 miles in 9 hours 2 minutes 23 seconds, only stopping two minutes during the race. He walked the 50th mile in 9 minutes 8 seconds.

At New York, June, 1878, Harding was defeated in a 100-mile race by John Ennis, of Chicago, for \$500 a side. He was taken sick and gave up at 41 miles.

On June 28, 1878, in a match against time for \$500, Harding attempted to walk from Thirtieth street, Broadway, to Jerome Park in 1 hour 40 minutes, and won.



ANYTHING TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY—A CHAMPAIGN, ILL., WOMAN WHEELS A PETRIFIED BABY THROUGH THE STREETS FOR EXHIBITION AND LUCRE.—SEE PAGE 4.



AN AWFUL FIX—A WORKMAN IN A MICHIGAN SAWMILL IS PARALYZED WHILE AT WORK, AND HAS HIS ARM PARTIALLY SAWED OFF WHILE IN THAT CONDITION.—SEE PAGE 13.

At Albany, October 21, Harding defeated William McCann in a fifty-mile walking match, for \$500 and the championship of America. McCann gave out on his 23d mile, when Harding was two miles ahead. Harding covered 25 miles, in the mud, in 4 hours 24 minutes, and was allowed to stop.

At Rutland, Vt., November 25, 1878, Harding attempted to allow Chris Rice one mile start in 50 miles, for \$500. Rice won. Harding gave up after covering 28 miles in 4 hours 49 minutes 2 seconds.

At Bangor, Me., January, 1879, Harding walked 50 miles against Chris Toole, of Bangor, for \$500 and the championship. Harding was delayed on the road from New York and Toole won, Harding stopping at 28 miles, covered in 4 hours 42 minutes 21 seconds.

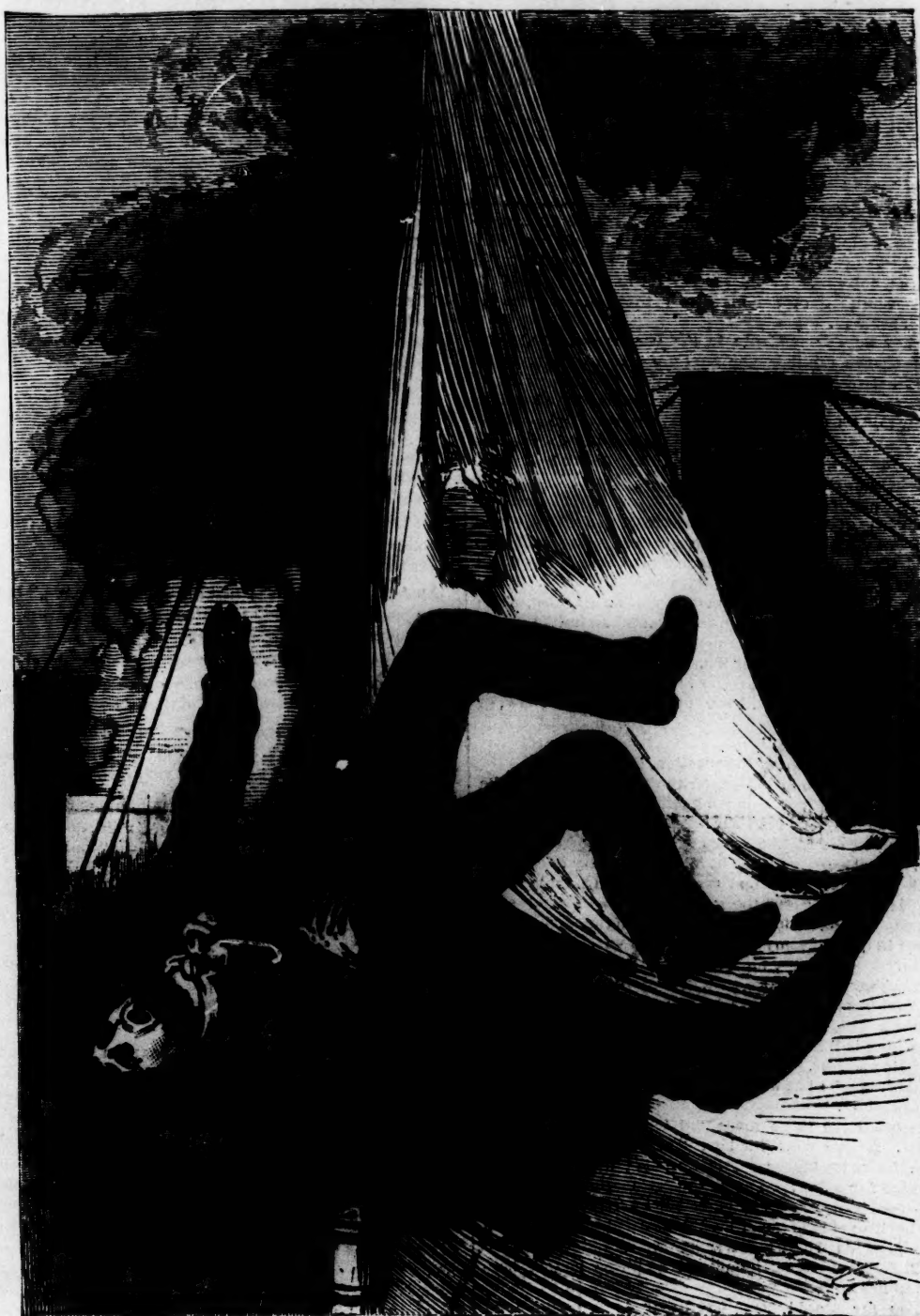
At New York, April, 1879, Harding was defeated by E. C. Holke in a 25-mile walking match for a purse. Harding stopped at 15 miles.

At New York in May, 1879, Harding competed in the 75-hour bicycle tournament, fell and was unplaced.

A HAREM ON A TRAMP.

How the Bewitching Beauties of the Ex-Khedive's Household Render His Exile Miserable by Giddy Actions.

Surely, never was man so bedeviled by lovely woman as Ismail, late Khedive of Egypt, is bedeviled by the blooming throng of beautiful beings who unitedly constitute the wife of his bosom. Since Ismail sailed away from Alexandria—a second Jason with a whole ship-load of golden-fleeces and Medæas, the spoils of his Khedival office—Happiness has deserted him and Peace has regarded him from afar off. At Naples, whither he at first winged his way across the watery waste, there was no hotel big enough to hold him and the whole of his wife-in-many-sections; nor was it without great difficulty that he at last found a gigantic villa into which his gigantic family could be stowed. Then, when at last he did get his wife under roof, some of her immediately began to make eyes at good-looking young men across the street, and one of her actually eloped. That more of her have eloped since is probable, and it is quite certain that the ex-Khedive must have had all sorts of trouble in making her behave herself properly in a land where, as she very well knew, bow-strings and sacks were absolutely forbidden as feminine correctives. And now, in sheer despair of keeping up family discipline without these gentle means of repression, poor old Ismail has asked leave of his son Tewfik to send the majority of his wife back to Egypt for safe keeping, to be drawn on in quantities to suit, as occasion demands. Humanity shudders as it contemplates Tewfik's brutal, flat refusal to give house-room to the smallest fraction of his father's wife and his own common mother! Surely, if there be any she-bears in Egypt just now the fate of this unnatural son may be easily foreseen. And Ismail, what of him? Ah, in kindness let us draw a veil over the misery of this wretched being, once a



A SAILOR WHILE PUTTING OUT A FIRE WHICH HAD CAUGHT IN THE RIGGING OF HIS VESSEL, LOSES HIS HOLD, AND TUMBLES HEADLONG TO THE DECK; BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 4.

semi-King, for whom the earth offers no resting place and who drifts drearily from land to land tormented to the verge of distraction by his wife's excessive plurality in person and in evil ways!

KATTY'S KID.

And the Trouble it Caused Mr. Wilcox. Result of a Faux Pas Between Two Lovers at Waldron, Indiana.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., May 27.—Sarah Catharine Allen is the name of a rural damsel who resides in the village of Waldron, five miles southeast of here. She is quite a pretty lassie, and is about eighteen years of age. Among Miss Allen's admirers is Elmer Wilcox, of the same village, a young man about twenty years old. It seems this couple have been lovers for a long time, and that an engagement to marry had existed between them. In an evil hour the young lady yielded to the blandishments and persuasions of her lover, and allowed him privileges which should be reserved only for the married state. The natural and usual consequences followed. Miss Allen found herself in a delicate condition, and, though repeatedly pressed to shield her by marriage, young Wilcox steadily refused to do so, putting her off with specious and deceitful promises.

So matters stood the 27th ult., when affairs were beginning to get pressing for the love-lorn damsel, and she found it necessary to take some action. Young Wilcox had come to this city to attend the circus, and his affianced followed him, accompanied by a big brother. She went before Squire A. J. Higgins and lodged a bastardy complaint, under which Wilcox was shortly afterward arrested. He was taken into the presence of the girl and the 'squire, and then and there offered marriage as a compromise of his troubles. Miss Allen consented, and Wilcox was taken to the clerk's office to get a license. Unfortunately, however, he had not sufficient money to pay for the necessary document, and could find no one to lend it to him. As a consequence he was ordered to be taken to jail. On the way he declared he would not submit to such a disgrace, and, drawing a revolver upon the constable, threatened to shoot that dignitary. With the assistance of bystanders the belligerent youth was disarmed and safely lodged in the county bastille. There he now languishes, and will remain until he gives the requisite bond or gets himself married to the fair complainant.

An Awful Fix.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A very singular accident happened to a man in one of the large Michigan saw-mills last week. While at work he was struck down by paralysis in a mill. He fell across a log which was being sawed, and was carried with it slowly but surely to the saw. He was conscious, but utterly helpless. The saw had cut half way through his arm when his awful predicament was discovered.



THEY WANT TO VOTE.—THE STRONG-MINDED LEADERS OF THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT TURN OUT IN FORCE AT CHICAGO, AND BUTTONHOLE THE SCHEMING REPUBLICAN STATESMEN TO INSERT A PLANK IN THE PLATFORM OF THE PARTY, RECOGNIZING THE CLAIMS OF WOMANKIND TO EXERCISE THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.—SEE PAGE 7.

NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around
The Clock—Midnight Scenes and
Noontide Photographs.

AT THE MATINEE.

Audiences Which do the Acting and
Ushers That Profit
by it.

THE MASHERS.

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

I have always regarded matinee performances at the theatre as frauds of the most defunct description. The pencil shafts of daylight which will find their way in somehow no matter how close barred the windows are, make the gas as dingy by comparison with their brilliant whiteness as the moon looks alongside of an electric light. Then, whenever a door opens, you get a gust of the busy street, and the knowledge that the world is working while you are laying off like an infernal fool listening to the rant of men and women who are talking as fast as they can so as not to be late for dinner, makes you uneasy and fills you with a burning desire to go out and get a breath of fresh air and a sun bath or a drink and talk to the bartender, doing anything natural, in short, even to taking a walk around the block. I don't mind going to the circus of an afternoon. It seems quite the proper thing to hear the children laugh at the trick mule, and see the nurse girls simper whenever the handsome ringmaster or the ugly clown looks at them, and if the nurse girl is very pretty wish yourself in their place. I suppose the difference lies in the fact that you go to the circus to give your eyes a treat, and that you don't mind knowing that spangles and chalk are spangles and chalk and nothing more, while at the theatre you want some other senses gratified besides.

Which they never are. There is no illusion whatever about a matinee performance, except the one, perhaps, that you are enjoying yourself, for you really could do it better outside, not to mention the superior cheapness.

But the fact of the matter is, people don't patronize matinees for the sake of the play. That is to say the class of people who make matinees pay. They are performing a little comedy of their own in the auditorium while the careless actors trot through their parts and guy each other and the listeners. The public really hires the theatre for its purposes, and the liberal management throws in the performance pretty much as they give you Gilmore's band and Levy with his cornet with your clam-chowder at Manhattan Beach on a summer afternoon.

The sign of the commencement of the matinee is the appearance of the masher at the theatre door. He don't go in. If he did he wouldn't be a masher any more. He airs his tailor's credit on the sidewalk. Smoking cigarette, ogling the girls and bracing up from time to time on a sniff at his buttonhole bouquet. He always carries a cane. Nowadays it is built on the crutch pattern which went out of fashion in London about a year ago. As he never reads, however, he don't know this, and is content.

One masher never talks to another. It always struck me that they don't know what to say to men any more than they know how to smoke an able-bodied cigar. They make up for it by hating one another cordially. If a passing lady happens to recognize one, then each looks down at himself very critically, tightens his waist-band, pulls down his coat-tail, flicks a flake of ashes from his breast and says to himself:

"Well, I pity her taste!"

As far as that goes, so do I.

Sometimes the masher goes inside, but not often, unless it is to follow up a conquest. If he don't succeed in making an impression on some susceptible soul before the curtain rises he goes off to a neighboring schooner-house and waits till the show is over, when he returns to the attack again. The most consistent thing about him is his devotion to the motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

This cut-of-door racket of his has its advantages though as long as it doesn't rain.

It gets him the reputation of a theatre-goer without the expense, and he has the double opportunity of finding a victim on the sidewalk as well as in the theatre. He is, in fact, a beau with two strings to him.

The matinee audience begins to come in about a quarter of an hour before the curtain rises.

The box-keeper munches his noontide sandwich as he sells you your ticket. The auditorium is a well of shadows, the gas only flickers in star-like dots, the ushers in their dress suits look like mature cherubims, all head and breast, only cherubims don't talk of having hit four dollars at policy yesterday. In the galleries the old women are still sweeping and the slip-slop of their slatternly shoes awakes echoes like the reports of fowling pieces.

The baize curtain is down, but your ears are not stopped by it, consequently you hear the actors calling to one another across the stage, and the property man swearing at his boy for setting that same stage wrong.

When Sketchley and I went to see the highly moral drama, "Rum and Ruin, or: The Drunkard's Doom," the other day, he was disgusted to hear one stage carpenter remark, "Oh! d—n that wing, Jake! Let's go and fire in a ball. You can set it when you come back."

Sketchley called it destroying the illusion! But then he had never been to a matinee before.

The door banged, a skirt rustled down the aisle, leaving behind it a long trail of perfume. It belonged to a splendid something in wine-colored satin and dead gold, with a spring hat that blazed brighter than all the lights combined. It took a seat in a row close to the front, the second from the aisle, looked at its watch and took a letter folded like a banknote from its glove.

The next comes came two together. They were stylish young ladies, with a suspicion of color on their faces which did not belong there naturally. They laughed as they went to their seats and one remarked something about "Freddy."

The ice was broken by this time. Ladies came alone, in pairs [and with children. Those who came alone

always walked rapidly, sat down with an air of business and looked at their watches. Those who came in pairs were generally dashing and loquacious and seemed to be on the best of terms with the ushers. There were exceptions, in quiet couples who talked in low, modest voices and looked curiously about them, strangers these, to whom matinees were novelties. Those who had children with them were too young to be their mothers. They might have passed for elder sisters only Auntie is a favorite form of addressing them with their charges.

When the orchestra began to stir about in its den under the stage, with strange noises like a menagerie commencing to say it is hungry, the house was tolerably full down stairs. No one ever matinees anywhere else except on a billboard ticket. The air was heavy with perfume which the draught from the banging door sent against the curtain in odorous waves that made it rustle with a noise like the pleased purring of a cat.

A peculiarity of the matinee is that you never see the men come in.

They appear suddenly in the vacant seats, and their appearance reminds you that there is always a vacant seat between a lady and the aisle. They know their ways as well as if they carried diagrams of the house in their mind's eyes. All the ushers have to do as far as they are concerned, is to lean against the dress circle columns and talk about the beer they drank last night, and how terribly bad they feel, poor fellows!

The overture had commenced. Freddy had loomed up alongside of the young lady of color, sucking a pearl-handled umbrella, along with another young man who paid the same delicate attention to an ivory carved in the chaste model of a leg with a golden garter. There were little murmurs of conversation on all sides, when the door banged and a lady and gentleman halted at our elbows.

They were the first pair who had come together. "But are you certain, Oscar?" she said, hesitatingly. "To be sure. You will see no one here you know, or who knows you."

"But if we should?" "It is entirely out of the question."

They sat down together, on the opposite side of the aisle to wine, color and gold. She clicked her watch shut it sharply and read her letter again.

A handsome face his, as he bent to arrange her seat for her. Handsome, with the hard, cruel beauty of a hawk, with eyes like those one sees across a faro table when day is breaking and the game runs high. And they looked down on her pretty, blonde, confiding face with a gleam in them that would have made a wise woman look again.

But she was not a wise woman evidently; she looked at the bald-headed leader as he waved his fiddlestick and laughed.

"Which is B?"

"This way, sir. Right down the aisle."

"Excuse me; but would you give me your arm?"

"Certainly."

He could see three score and ten and go it several better. A long coat lined with sealskin defended him from the spring breezes. His wrinkled head nestled on the high fur collar livid as a mummy's. But he wore the ball-room boots of a swell schoolboy on his tottering feet, and his black broad-cloth breast was padded out like a prize pigeon's. There was a pretty girl of sixteen in number 2, B. They shook hands and he put a box of bonbons in her lap.

"Pon my word!" says the usher to a companion. "The old cock's found of variety; that's the third he's had this month."

"He ought to be called weathercock. Who is he, anyhow?"

"It's old Munnybagg."

"Not the man that was up at Jefferson Market about that supper at Solari's?"

"Yes; he struck the wrong one that time, sure enough."

"Usher."

"Yes, sir."

"I think I could see better over there. Is the seat next to that lady engaged?"

"I don't think, so, sir."

It isn't, for he sits down in it. The usher comes back with something in his hand, which jingles when he drops it into his pocket.

"That was neatly done," he observed. "Did you catch it?"

"No."

"Nothing but a nod and a point at the seat. I was watching it all the time."

The curtain rises, but there is little listening to the play. Ladies look politely at the stage, as they looked at the drop when it was down. Gentlemen write on the edges of playbills, and there is always a titter when the lines are read. People still come in, and every time the door bangs Wine-Color-and-Gold's watch snaps and her letter rustles.

"There's somebody that'll get it hot," observes our usher.

"Won't he, just! Ah! I'll bet my head this is him now."

It was him.

Young and handsome, stylish in dress and manner. He entered in such a desperate hurry that he threw the door back against the wall and it staid there. The crash made every one look round as he went rapidly down the aisle. Wine-Color-and-Gold thrust her letter back in her glove and straightened herself up with much asperity.

"You are a pretty fellow to keep an appointment."

"But, my dear—"

"This is a quarter past one, isn't it?"

"I assure you I was busy, my love."

He stopped short, still standing in the aisle. A woman had risen in the seat opposite him and was glaring at him with a face like marble and eyes limpid with repressed tears.

"My God! Alice!"

"Frank!"

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing?"

"I—I had a spare afternoon and came to see the play."

"So did I."

"But with whom?"

She moved a little and he saw her companion's face. He turned purple in a second, and his fist closed on the light cane he carried.

"You scoundrel! How dare you speak to my wife, after what I told you?"

"Your wife?" Wine-Color-and-Gold was on her feet now. "You don't! Do you call yourself his wife?"

"I am, madame! And pray who are you?"

The polite usher was on the spot by this time, and all four moved out after a few whispered words. When the usher came back he had a daintily-carved silver cane-handle in his hand. "I'm going to get a new stick for it. It was a beauty, wasn't it? And he broke it the first stroke."

The play went on. Between the acts there was a buzz of conversation, whose topic it was easy to surmise. The children made little groups along the wall and ate their bon-bons. They knew where they were most comfortable.

Old Munnybagg was talking in a thin little voice that made his third in the month laugh.

"Have you got any notes to-day?"

"Only one, for the girl in the pink bonnet there."

"I've got three."

"You'll have a big brother after you again."

"Not much. I won't make another mistake like that. I'll point the fellow out first."

We waited to see the notes delivered without the intervention of any big brother, and passed out with the throng. Some parted at the street, others went off together on foot and in carriages. A man came out of the drug store next door with a long strip of court-plaster across his face and his hat pulled well down over it. We were watching him skulk off down the cross street when old Munnybagg climbed painfully into his coupe, out of which a fair young face laughed maliciously at him. We caught the direction as the driver bent on his box:

"To Solari's."

And then we left the theatre to the mashers, who were doing a Roman sentinel act as if they were advertising some patent glue.

SEASONING.

WHY is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? Because she has not so much on 'er in her own country.

A CLEVELAND man fell dead in church just three minutes before the deacon was to take up a collection. There are lots of ways to save money.

AN Arkansas father named his daughter "Ace," and more men try to get their coat sleeves around her than all the other girls in the country together.

GOLD is found in fifty-six counties in Georgia, silver in three, copper in thirteen; iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six and whisky in all of them.

AUNT—Why George! Give me that segar! Nephew—Not much. I haven't the slightest objection to your smoking, but you must buy your own segars.

WHEN ladies meet they always greet with kisses heard across the street; but men, more mild, don't get to wild; they meet then part, when both had "smiled."

A MAN who committed suicide, wrote a letter to his wife: "I am going to a country where red-headed women are never seen." She was so mad she would not attend the funeral.

A FAT WOMAN of Corinth, Miss., drank ash bark tea to make her lean, and she skipped for the better land just two hours ahead of a lean woman who was eating gum arabic to make her fat.

It is said that as soon as a Chinaman marries an American lady in this country he amputates his queue. This is conclusive evidence that the heathen Chinese has been a close student of married life in this country.

THE window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while he was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going up stairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.

If you see a citizen trying to sandpaper the liberty cap off the top of a hitching-post with his back, it's ten chances to one that he's an editor who is afraid to take off his flannels until he gets the latest returns from the cold-wave they're talking about.

WHEN you see a lovely actress upon the boards delighting the people by her beauty, grace and fine acting, it is hard to realize that the fair creature is just as liable to want Jamaica ginger as is the rest of humanity. But cucumbers bring us all to a common level.

You may break, you may shatter the egg, if you will;

But the scent of last summer will cling to it still.

And it is a remarkable fact that in the case of a faded egg, the more you shatter it the worse it clings.

THEY had their usual evening quarrel as they sat by the hearth. On one side lay quietly a blinking dog, and on the other a purring cat, and the old woman pleaded with her growling husband. "Yust look at dat gat and dat tog; dey nefer gwarrels no fights like us." "Yah," said the old growler, "I knows dot; but yust die dem togedder one time, und den you see wot!"

BIRDIE is standing by the garden-gate,

Waiting for some one she loves.

Soon they'll be cooling on the front steps

Like a pair of turtle doves.

Papa is waiting for the lover, too;

Glancing at his box-toed shoe.

The old man is feeling pretty frisky to-night,

And this visit the boy will rue.

THIS story is about a road in Nova Scotia. The driver whistled "down brakes." "What is the trouble, conductor?" excitedly asked a passenger, "Cow on the track," coolly responded the conductor. The man was satisfied. Shortly afterwards "down brakes" was again whistled. "What's the trouble now?" cried the same passenger. "Cow on the track," was the reply, "Great Heavens!" said the man, "haven't we caught up to that cow yet?"

AJAX defied the lightning and became immortal for his courage, but we don't see as he was much ahead of a Chelsea man who danced about in his front yard and shook his fist at the lightning and called it a relative of Judas Kelly and stomped it to his him. And the lightning didn't do it. And yet, instead of being made immortal for his courage, the neighbors called him a numb-head and his wife came out with a rolling-pin, and then he was as scared as could be. The rolling pin is mightier than the lightning.—Boston Post.

A WELL-KNOWN parson who resigned the hammer and tongs for the pulpit was preaching lately upon the text, "In my Father's house are many mansions." In order to explain to his hearers the exact meaning of the original he stated that "mansions" should rather be translated "rooms." "There are," he said, "rooms for Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Methodists and every other sect, and no doubt the Baptists will find it a house with all modern improvements, and that the bath-room has not been forgotten."

OLIVE LOGAN in one of her letters writes: "I heard of a rather amusing reply given the other evening at a ball by an American girl in London society, who had strayed away from the ball room. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman, who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. 'Daughter, what's all this?' exclaimed the irate mamma. The daughter looked up calmly, and replied: 'Mamma, allow me to introduce Captain X. to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I couldn't keep my word, and I'm just giving him a sitting-still waltz instead.'"

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

TOM ALLEN has delayed his visit to America.

Oh, yes; of course Courtney can still out row Hanlan.

DUMB BELLE exercise—Conversing with a deaf and dumb girl.

PRINCETON College's challenge to row Columbia has been rejected.

In the race for the English Derby, Pierre Lorillard's Boreas came in sixth.

SULLIVAN, the giant pugilist of Boston, wants to fight any man in America.

HOLSKA is willing to walk Dennis Driscoll twenty-five miles for \$1,000 a side.

PEAUMINET won the French Derby at Chantilly on the 23d ult. Le Lion was second.

HANLAN Courtneyized Riley, out-rowed him, and yet only rowed as if he was training.

GUS HILL, of New York, offers to swing clubs against any man in the world for \$500 to \$5,000.

At Mulford, Conn., recently, A. J. Kearns ran thirteen and a half miles in 1 hour 26 minutes 19 seconds.

ONE of the physical wonders of the nineteenth century—Hanlan. Riley says: "Why, Hanlan can out-row any man in the world."

SULLIVAN, the great pugilist of Boston, would like to meet Jack Donaldson, the Chicago pugilist, with or without gloves for \$500.

At Montreal, Canada, May 29, the Montreal Lacrosse club defeated the Boston Lacrosse club of Boston in three consecutive games.

In the race for the Stanley stakes for two-year-olds Pierre Lorillard's Paw Paw, full brother to Parole, ran second, being beaten by Tristram.

A GLVCE fight for £200 is pending in England between Denny Harrington, the middle weight champion and Alfred Greenfield, a pugilist of renown.

O'LEARY intends offering the largest purses ever given for a six-day go-as-you-please, open to all pedestrians in the world, to take place in this city this fall.

PATSY SHEPPARD, of Providence, and Johnny Carman, of New York, were two of Donovan's backers in his Jasco with Rooke. Both, it is said, are looking for their \$500. Strange.

THE Austrian riflemen and sharpshooters have issued a friendly challenge to American riflemen, inviting them to compete in a rifle tournament to be held at Vienna July 17 to 24.

EDWARD C. HOLSKA is the champion walker of America from one to fifty miles. If there is any pedestrian doubts his claim all they have to do is to put up \$500 and try his speed.

THE London Globe weeps and wails as follows: "All the contestants have hitherto failed to wrest the Palma Shield and the rifle long-distance championship of the world from America's riflemen."

GEORGE WALLER, the English champion, on Saturday, May 8, at Waverly Market, Edinburgh, Scotland, rode 100 miles in 5 hours 51 minutes 7 seconds, beating the best previous record by 25 minutes and 15 seconds.

MAURICE VIGNAUX, who gave Slosson a Waterloo at Paris recently, went to England and trampled over Joseph Bennett at the three-ball game, giving him 500 in 1,000 points twice, and Bennett scoring only 75 points in one contest and 85 in another.

THE fifth in the series of the O'Leary tournaments will take place in Boston Music Hall, June 14 to 19. The list of prizes is large, and the contestants will include Faber, Panchot, Hart, Dobler, O'Leary, Guyon and a field of the best men in the profession. The race will be a six-day go-as-you-please.

At the Union Square billiard rooms, New York, on May 29, George H. Walstrom, the Swede, and Sam D. Knight, played the best of 41 games of fifteen-ball pool for champion medal \$500 and championship of America. The game was won by Walstrom by seven games. Score: Walstrom, 21; Knight, 14.

THE 101st Derby was won on the 26th by the favorite, the Duke of Westminster's chestnut colt, Bend Or, by Doncaster—Rouge Rose, by Thormanby. He was so strong a favorite that only 2 to 1 was laid about him before the start. He won by a head from Robert the Devil, with Mask third. There were 257 subscribers and 15 starters.

THE noted trotting gelding Rolla Goldust died at Denver, Col., recently, of pneumonia, aged twenty years, from a cold contracted while en transitu from Kentucky to Denver. On the 1st of August, 1868, at Buffalo, N. Y., Rolla Goldust trotted against the pacer Billie Boice, when the latter made his famous time, under saddle, of 2:14½. Rolla won the first in 2:15½, Billie Boice winning the three concluding heats in 2:15½, 2:14½, 2:20½.

HAVING in his preliminary pronouncement wrapped himself in the American flag, Riley promptly tied himself to the tail of Hanlan's kite, and the record of the procession is, "Canada first, United States nowhere." Each of his successive victories—victories won with such ridiculous ease that the alleged contests are more laughable than interesting—makes more and more solid Hanlan's just claim to the proud title of "Champion of the World."

In the international five-mile single-scutt race for the championship of the world and \$5,000, the only oarsmen that have the opportunity of upholding the reputation of the United States at the oar will be Courtney and Riley. England will be represented by Boyd, Canada by Hanlan and Smith. Hanlan has beaten both Courtney and Riley, while the latter has also been beaten time and again by Courtney. Judging from these facts the United States representatives, bar some unforeseen accident, are out of the race, and the struggle for the first prize (\$5,000) will be between England's champion and Hanlan who will, no doubt, capture first and second prize. Courtney, Riley and Smith will be left to battle with the balance for third prize. Hanlan should win first prize, and will do so, bar accident. Boyd is a wonderful oarsman. He belongs to a rowing family, and will, without a doubt, come in second. The race promises to be the most interesting that ever took place in American waters, and never before was there a contest in any country that brought together five such noted oarsmen as Hanlan, Boyd, Courtney, Smith and Riley. Hanlan will be a heavy favorite, and should he win and add more laurels to the many he has gained both in England, the United States and the Dominion, his backers should win a fortune. Boyd will carry a large amount of money. English sportsmen think he is able to outrow Hanlan, and there is from ten to twenty thousand dollars to be won by Hanlan's followers if he can defeat the English champion. In our opinion he cannot only defeat Boyd, but any man in the world.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its Heroes.

An Interesting Record of Fistic Sport in the Past.

A Fight Which Lasted Two Hours and Fifty-Five Minutes and Embraced 101 Rounds.

COUNTRY MCLOSKEY'S PLUCK.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, BY W. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

Abe Vanderzee and Frank Speight fought at Fort Washington, on the Hudson, near New York, on Sept. 26, 1837. Fourteen rounds were fought in twenty minutes, and Abe was declared the winner.

George Owens, the Manchester Pet, an English pugilist, arrived from England in September. He was matched to fight Jim Reed, of Cincinnati, who had defeated McLane and fought a draw with Tom Barrett. The fight took place at Fort Washington, N.Y., on Nov. 10, 1837. Owens proved to be a first-class pugilist, and he whipped Reed in thirty-nine rounds, lasting one hour, forty minutes.

Owens then issued a challenge to fight Billy Reynolds, a man taller and heavier, for \$200 a side. The fight took place near Cincinnati on June 11, 1838. Reynolds won in eighteen rounds, lasting fifty-four minutes.

Another great sensation now occurred in pugilistic circles. Sam O'Rourke and Deaf Burke made another match to fight for \$2,000. The fight took place on Feb. 10, 1838, at New Orleans. Deaf Burke punished O'Rourke terribly and had the fight almost won in the twenty-seventh round, when O'Rourke's friends refused to let their champion be defeated. Revolvers, clubs and bowie-knives were brought into play, and Deaf Burke had to run for his life. After the ring was broken up it was proposed to kill Burke, as that would make O'Rourke champion, and several of O'Rourke's friends undertook to carry the threat out. Luckily, Deaf Burke was supplied by his backer, a prominent New Orleans sporting man, with a fast horse and a revolver. He made his escape, and lost no time in returning to New York. He finally came to the conclusion that there was no chance of his winning fights on his merits in America, and he left for England.

One thing is certain: Burke beat a hasty retreat from this country, and his friends said, because he could not receive fair play. There is another reason why the great English pugilist left what he called Yankeeishire in such haste. It was a well known fact at that time that James Ambrose Sullivan, better known after as Yankee Sullivan, was coming to America. Sullivan had been victorious in six fights, and had beaten Stewart Sharpless, Dick Trainor, Tom Brady and others. Deaf Burke did not relish the idea of meeting Sullivan, and that was the offshoot of his sudden departure. Sullivan only came on a visit, however, but decided to return again, as the coming pugilist saw a great field for operations.

The unsatisfactory ending of the McLane and Harrington fight brought about another. John McLane, of Cincinnati, went on to New York to challenge Harrington. The parties met in the Old Tree House, in the Bowery, in the fall of 1838, and made a match for \$500. The fight took place at Hoboken, N.J. Thirty-nine rounds were fought, when Harrington was declared the winner. The fight lasted two hours.

The year 1841 opened with the prospect of several important battles. Yankee Sullivan had returned to England and had made a match to fight Hammer Lane for \$200. As Sullivan had decided to be an adopted American, the result of the battle was looked forward to with eager interest. Sullivan was victorious, and lost no time in coming to New York.

Sullivan's arrival was greeted with delight by the Irish element, and he was made leader of the Irish Brigade. This was an organization formed of persons of Hibernian origin in New York. The Irish element provoked a corresponding degree of exclusive nativism, which unfortunately operated against all foreigners. Sullivan was the king among the Brigade, and he soon proved himself a fighter in numerous rough-and-tumbles at the Cottage, Point Isabel, the Rising States and old-time sporting rendezvous which are now numbered with the past.

Several fights followed Sullivan's arrival. On Jan. 7, 1841, Jack Teale and Jimmy Jeroleum, the latter called the Infant, owing to his great size, for he stood six feet one inch, and weighed two hundred pounds. The fight took place near New York, and Teale blinded the giant in eleven rounds. On August 2, 1841, the first prize-fight ever fought in Pennsylvania took place between James Walker, of England, and Jack Lound, a Philadelphia pugilist. The fight took place near Harrisburg. Lound won after a desperate battle lasting thirty-two minutes, in which ten rounds were fought.

Then followed the great battle between Yankee Sullivan and Vince Hammond, an English pugilist. They were matched to fight for \$600. Sullivan had displayed such great fighting qualities in his fight in England with Hammer Lane, and he pounded him so terribly, that he stood high up in pugilistic circles on both sides of the Atlantic. The fight took place at League Island, Philadelphia, on Sept. 2, 1841. Hammond was almost a baby before the great pugilist. In the third round his face was literally cut to pieces, the blood running in all directions and dyeing not only his own but also the body of Sullivan. In eight rounds, each lasting ten minutes, Sullivan was declared the winner.

Following this great event, pugilism in America became a thriving and flourishing institution and pugilists spang up all over the United States, and prize fights were all the rage, while New York was the great pugilistic center.

Boss Harrington of New York was still looked upon as leader of the division of pugilists who claimed to be American, while Yankee Sullivan was heralded as champion of the division who claimed Hibernian descent. Bar-room fights in the leading sporting dens of New York were of frequent occurrence and Lily, Sullivan, Harrington and Mike Walsh's gangs were either the victors or vanquished.

In the spring of 1842 Tom Hyer, a tall, powerful, muscular specimen of humanity, born Jan. 1, 1819, standing 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, loomed up ominously before the public and gave promise of being the champion of the pugilistic world.

Hyer had displayed great pluck and ability in several bar-room fights and announced that he was ready to fight any man in the world, for any amount from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side.

Harrington, backed up by the Washington Market gang, claimed he could whip Hyer, but no match was made. Between these two extremes represented by Harrington and Hyer there was at this period a sort of Irish-American influence led by the redoubtable Mike Walsh, who was considered the boss among the Spartan band of the numerous sporting houses in the vicinity of Park Row, Madison, Walker, Chatham and Division streets. It was at this time that politics and pugilism joined hands, and old Tammany Hall, at the corner of Frankfort street and Chatham Square, New York, was a rendezvous of the pugilist elements and rough-and-tumbles were of frequent occurrence among the members of the old Empire Club and outside gangs of Washington Market roughs who swore by Boss Harrington and were always ready for a mill. Mike Walsh the leader of the Spartan band of the cellars boasted that Hyer could whip all creation, and Park Row and Chatham street were witnessing rough-and-tumbles between the partisans of the rival factions.

Hyer's challenge created great jealousy among the pugilists and their followers, but for a time no one responded. On September 8, 1841, just 38 years ago, Tom Hyer, who had opened a sporting house in Park Row, opposite the City Hall, New York, was surprised by John McCloskey, better known as Country McCloskey, rushing into his bar-room and defying him to fight. McCloskey had been sent by Yankee Sullivan, who said, "Country, if he won't fight you, I will fight the big elephant. McCloskey said to Hyer, "I can whip a whole boat full of such ducks as you. Why, you talk of licking a Yankee! You can whip me. Come over to the park; I'll fight you for fun or duce."

The announcement aroused Hyer, but he declined to fight in the park. In the meantime Park Row was alive with pugilists and their patrons. Hyer at last agreed to fight, and suggested an excursion up the Hudson.

It was on September 14th, 1841, precisely one week after the Sullivan and Hammond fight, that the graduates of pugilism steered, to use the vernacular, by Jake Somerindike, took the Albany boat for Caldwell's Landing. No ring was made with ropes and stakes, as they were not necessary in those days. The men stripped and stepped up to scratch, which was drawn by Jake Somerindike.

The fight was to settle a quarrel instigated by the enemies of Sullivan who were both at the time claiming to be the "best men in the country." It was agreed that half a minute should elapse between each round so that no benefit should accrue from foul blows on either side as all blows were considered fair.

McCloskey stripped in good condition and weighed 165 pounds. Hyer weighed 180 and was three inches taller than McCloskey and possessed a tremendous long reach. Jake Somerindike and Al. Reynolds seconded Hyer while Aleck Hamilton was bottle-holder. Yankee Sullivan and Andy Ketchum seconded McCloskey and Jack Nesbitt was his bottle-holder.

The fight was a desperate one, and during the first eleven rounds McCloskey had the best of it. Betting was in McCloskey's favor throughout. In the twenty-eighth round it was anybody's fight. McCloskey's gang, who were assembled from the many dives that filled Division street and Chatham Square, who shouted, "You've got him Country, now give him one of them old Chatham Square fellows." "Yes, he has," remarked the stalwart Hyer, and accompanying the remark by a tremendous left-hander on Country's nose, broke the nasal fountain, which appeared literally split in twain.

In the following rounds \$20 to 5 was laid on Hyer. In the forty-fourth Hyer let go one of his steam-hammers and opened a deep gash in Country's head. After seventy-three rounds had been fought neither would give in, although both were terribly punished. In the seventy-fourth round a mutual brought both to the ground, and while they lay there Hyer said, "Put it there, old fellow," and both shook hands.

Again the fight was continued, and McCloskey was knocked down. When ninety rounds had been fought neither gave any signs of relinquishing the contest, although it was plain to all that McCloskey could not win. To save further unnecessary trouble Yankee Sullivan wanted to throw up the sponge, but the indomitable pugilist refused. He remarked: "I will fight while I can see and use my hands." Don't throw the sponge up!" In the ninety-fifth round McCloskey was again knocked down and he had been punished so terribly that his mother would hardly have known him. Again his seconds wanted to draw him, but he begged to be allowed to fight while he could see.

Both men at this stage were terribly punished. McCloskey's seconds were afraid that he would never recover, but he would not have the fight ended. The fighting, up to the 101st round was terrific, and was only continued after the earnest pleadings of McCloskey against the better judgment of his seconds.

At the 100th round, gallant Tom Hyer, felled because McCloskey was beaten and would not give in, exclaimed: "Oh, let him come up, let him come on. I'll kill him this time." Hyer could then hit McCloskey whenever and wherever he wished. After 101 rounds had been fought Sullivan said: "It is no use Country, banging at him; he's got you licked. I'll tackle him after a while."

McCloskey begged to be permitted to continue, but Sullivan knew that he would probably get killed and threw up the sponge. The fight lasted two hours and fifty-five minutes, and few men have since shown the thorough game qualities that McCloskey did in this battle.

Hyer, at the finish, although terribly punished, could have fought two hours longer. The pugilists at these times did not train as they do now and this fight was held—both being unprepared, under a hot, broiling sun. Sullivan was now eager to get up a match with Hyer, but another aspirant arose in the pugilistic corps—Tom Secor. He challenged Sullivan to fight, and, as Hyer refused to fight Sullivan for less than \$3,000, the latter not being able to raise that amount agreed to fight Secor. The match was made and the fight took place January 4th, 1842. Secor was a large, powerful man, and weighed thirty pounds more than Sullivan. This contest created more interest than the McCloskey and Hyer fight, owing to more publicity being given to the affair. Sullivan's friends chartered the steamer Star, which went down New York Bay loaded to the guards. Secor's friends chartered the steamer Citizen. Other steamers loaded with sporting men accompanied them.

The fight took place between Old Fort Tompkins and the Narrows, on Mr. Aspinwall's ground. Over two thousand persons were present. Sullivan was the favorite at \$50 to \$30, and a large amount was staked on the result. Country McCloskey and Bill Ford seconded Sullivan, while Frank Speight, afterward Captain of the Metropolitan Police Boat and Abe Vanderzee attended and seconded Secor. The fight was a desperate one. Sullivan displayed numerous tricks and constantly dropped down to avoid the blows. He punished Secor terribly, and after sixty-five rounds had been fought it seemed cruel to let Secor fight any more. He was fear-

fully cut up and as helpless as a child. Sullivan now came forward, and grasping Secor by the hand which the latter shook, advised that he should be withdrawn. Secor refused to give up and continued to stand up and be butchered until sixty-seven rounds had been fought, when his seconds would not let him fight any longer and Sullivan was declared the winner. This battle was the most determined one ever witnessed during the early history of Pugilism in America; but, it was afterwards superseded by one more terrible which will be reached during our history of the American Prize Ring.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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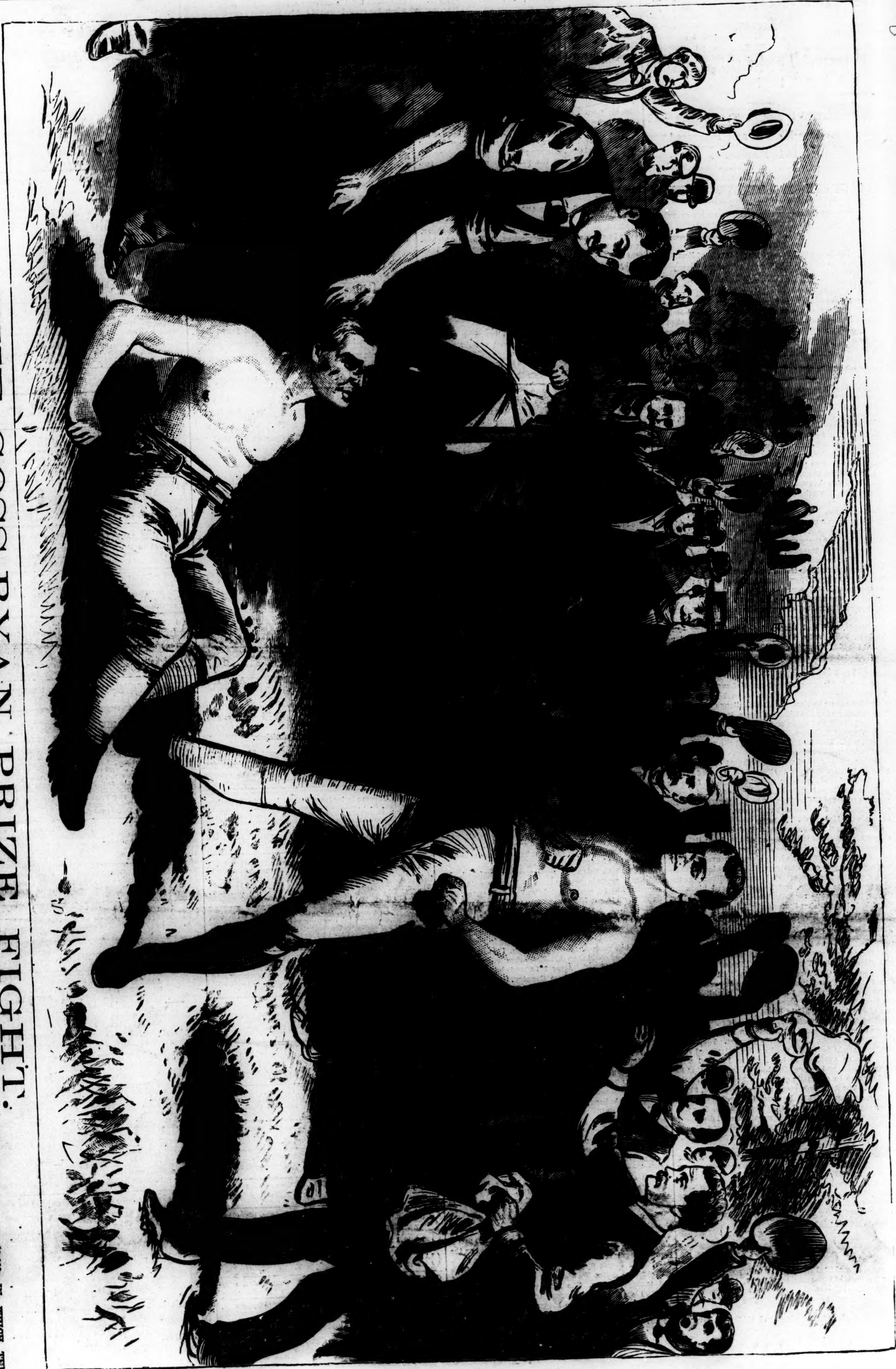
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